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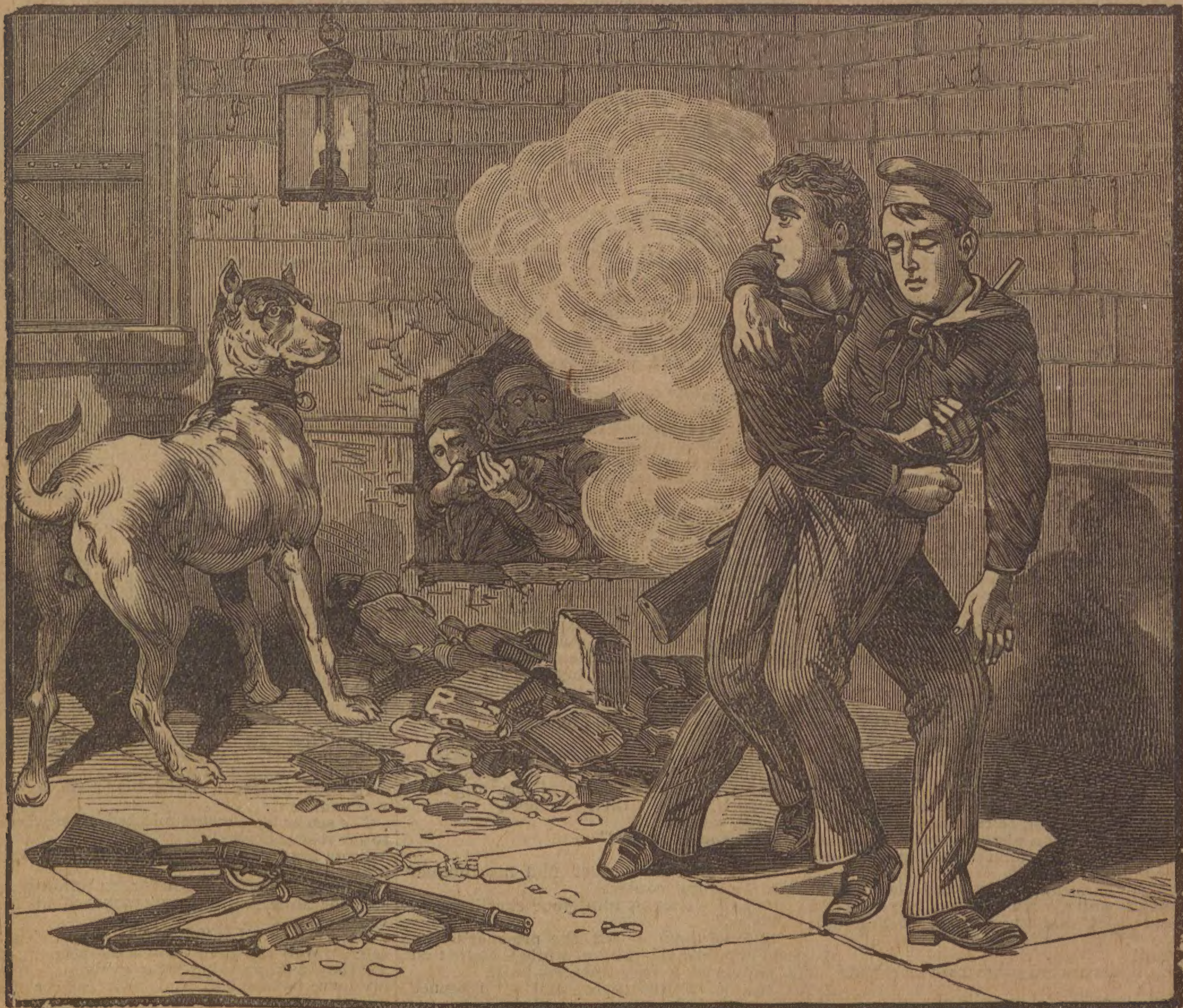
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## JACK HARKAWAY'S PERIL.



"Castor, good boy," said Jack to the bloodhound, "eat the first man that comes in through that hole." The bloodhound replied with a look of intelligence. He had appetite enough for several brigands. Young Jack raised his poor friend, Harry, and bore him tenderly away.



## CHAPTER I.

TORTURING A PRISONER—MOLE BETRAYS HIS FRIENDS, AFTER HIS OWN FASHION—THE POISONED WINE.

We are compelled to leave the party on board the Westward Hol for awhile longer and follow the changing fortunes of Mr. Mole.

We left that worthy gentleman hoisted upon the back of a muscular brigand, and while he served as a rampart, he received a wound in the rear from a bullet.

Poor Mole!

In spite of his kicking and struggling poor Isaac Mole was carried away bodily from his friends by these desperate ruffians, who did with him pretty well as they liked, and when they began to find their burden grow heavy they were out of range of fire, so they dropped him down to the ground.

"Arise!" cried Monastos, who had followed the brigand who carried Mole.

Then turning to his band, he said:

"We must march quickly forward."

"Get up!" exclaimed the brigand to Mole, "and march."

But as Mr. Mole did not understand the meaning of the words "arise" or "get up," in modern Greek, he curled himself up with a hope that they were going to leave him to his own devices.

His masters did not speak twice.

The brigand growled at him as if he were some wretched mongrel, and gave him a kick in the ribs.

It nearly took all the breath out of his body, but the brigand thought that there was something comical in the sound, so he dropped in another, playfully, as before.

"Beast!" gasped Mole.

The precise meaning of this the brigand did not catch; but he shrewdly judged that it was abusive, and so he gently prodded Mr. Mole with the point of his stiletto.

"Oh!" shrieked poor old Mole; "murder—murder!"

Monastos was heading the party and marching in stern silence.

"Who was that, shrieking so loudly?"

"The prisoner."

"Prisoner?" said the chief of the brigands in English, to Mole, "another such cry as that, and you will never utter another in this world."

The brutal brigand once more prodded Mole in his side with his stiletto.

"You had better slaughter me outright; have me stuck to death by inches, you ugly, dirty vagabond," cried poor Mole.

"We shall not kill you," said Monastos, turning back, with a lowering brow, and each word measured so as to fall like a death-knell upon the hapless Mole's ears.

"That is very kind of you," muttered Mole; "perhaps you will tell me what you will do."

"We shall only cut your tongue out."

There was a steady deliberation in the brigand's manner, which filled his very soul with terror.

The brigands who had charge of him bade him rise.

Having got him upon the move, the two brigands in charge of him were merciless.

Not a step did he take without a reminder of their proximity, in the shape of a kick or a cuff, or dig with their stilettoes.

He was prodded all down his back, and it smarted and bled woefully, but he was in too great awe of the chief to breathe so much as a sigh of complaint.

At length he began to look about him in hopes of seeing his own party.

"Oh, Harkaway! Oh, Harvey! Why are you not here to help your old friend Mole?"

Let him but see some retaliation for the indignities he had endured, and he would willingly risk his life.

As he glanced around, they seemed to anticipate his thought, to read his very heart.

The cold ring of a pistol barrel was pressed against his cheek, and a menacing hand motioned him to proceed.

"You blackguard!" groaned the injured Mole, inwardly, "if I had you by yourself, I would fight and show you what Mole is made of."

Prod!

But never a word came from poor Mole.

Kick.

"Thief!" muttered Mr. Mole, to himself; "dogs and scum of the earth! If Harkaway was here, how he would scatter you all."

Then came a gentle rap on the back of the head with the butt end of a pistol.

That is, a gentle rap according to the brigands' notions.

"I should like to have you pinned down to the earth naked," said Mr. Mole, to himself, as he looked around at them, "and dance a fandango over you, with new spikes to my timber toes. Wouldn't I shuffle nimbly all over?"

They camped for the night in a snug forest glade.

Mr. Mole watched most anxiously for any signs or movements upon the part of his captors by which he could profit.

But he had to labor against one great difficulty, and that was his ignorance of their language.

A scout came in, and conversed in an animated manner with the king.

The result of this was that a body of men were dispatched under the command of a huge fellow, whom the king addressed as Paradia, to make that memorable night attack.

Paradia boasted and bragged, and swelled out his chest as he swore to the king to bring him Harkaway's head or forfeit his own.

This was the fellow who fell at the hands of little Magog Brand, and had his head severed from his body by the knife of the little warrior.

The rest of the men came back to report to their chief the failure of their surprise.

Monastos grew more sullen and savage than ever.

Suddenly he ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

"Do you, wretched English dog, know what has taken place?" said he to Mole, after staring at him for awhile.

"No."

"Can you guess?"

As he put this question, he fixed Mole with a stern eye that appeared to go right through him.

"Answer me!" he thundered.

"Well, yes, I can," responded Mole, with some hesitation.

"And you are pleased to think that we have failed? Do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Then answer."

He turned abruptly off at this.

"You are right, too; for if my band had succeeded—if they had crushed the gang of thieves and intruders you belong to, your life would have paid the penalty as well."

Mr. Mole shuddered.

"As it is, we want you, and so you may live a little longer."

He breathed again.

"Your mission now is to give them up to us."

"But how?" inquired Mole.

"You have to tell us how many there are, what arms they possess, and how they have planned their campaign; and how many men are left on board the ship to protect it in the absence of the rest of the party. Do you hear?"

Mole was silent.

"Speak!"

Not a word from Mole.

"Answer me, I say, or—"

One of the brigands prodded Mole as he had done before, and then howled out wildly:

"Kill me—cut my tongue out, but I shan't utter a word. Do you expect me to betray my only friends? No; you may cut me to bits, and, as you threaten, cut my tongue out, but I will be true to my dear old friends."

"We shall do neither the one nor the other," he said.

Whereupon Mr. Mole felt relieved.

"At present."

Mr. Mole had got relieved too quickly.

"Now, first in order, is the question of numbers," said the king of the brigands; "tell me, what is their strength?"

Mole was silent.

"Do you hear me?"

Not a word.

"The prisoner cannot find his tongue," said he, significantly.

"Shall we assist him, your excellency?"

"Yes."

One of them seized the prisoner's right hand and spread it open, while the other cut a thin swish from the nearest bush.

The swish was peeled and straightened, and then the man turned to the chief for further orders.

The pirate chief gravely inclined his head, as he said: "Fifty."

And then, while Mr. Mole was wondering

what next was to take place, down came the swish upon his palm.

"Whoo!" he cried.

And he popped it under his left arm for solace.

"Confound their impudence!" thought he; "they are making a laughing stock of me; they are showing their contempt of me by giving me cuts on the hands, as though I were a refractory boy at school."

The hand was dragged out again, and down came the second whack.

This time the unlucky tutor was better prepared, and he would not flinch.

"They shall find that I am not to be cowed by a cut on the hand," he said, boldly.

He little thought what this punishment could be worked up to in the hands of experienced torturers.

But for his existing misfortune Mr. Mole would have begun by an introduction to the bastinado.

You probably know that the bastinado is a beating with canes on the soles of the naked feet.

But you may not know that it is one of the most horrible of refined cruelties.

Mole's punishment was the antithesis of the bastinado, and he soon discovered that it was no trifle.

At the tenth stroke the hand was swelling rapidly.

At the twelfth he had bitten his tongue through to stifle his groans, and yet one burst from his very heart in spite of himself.

They expected he would give in then.

But, no; the brave old man submitted to his torture; he knew well he was serving his old friends by remaining quiet.

He took his fifty strokes on the hand, and then sank back half fainting upon the ground.

His two torturers smiled upon him in derision, and Mole returned their glance with one of undying hatred.

"If I live," said he, aloud, "it shall be my task to make sure of you two, and if I die, Harkaway shall have your disposal as my legacy!"

"He holds out well," said the king of the brigands.

"He would not hold out long, sir," said one of the men, "if you gave me full power with him."

Monastos smiled, in a half condescending way.

"You are young and sanguine, Sarandi," he said.

Mole repeated the name.

"Sarandi, I shall not forget that."

"You would kill him before I squeezed the information from him?"

"No, captain. What I propose will not cause such pain as what he has but now received, but if he holds out against it, take my head."

"Speak, then," said he. "What have you to propose?"

The man drew near the pirate chief and whispered.

"Right," said the chief. "We will try the English hound."

The unfortunate prisoner was then bound hand and foot and stretched upon the ground, and then the brigand Sarandi lay down full length beside him.

Mole was wondering what on earth was to come next, when he felt a sharp pricking sensation at the back of his head.

Sarandi had pulled out a single hair.

This is scarcely as painful as a prick of a pin, and Mr. Mole could only wonder what it was for.

Hair after hair was drawn from his head, until the whole of his scalp was itching to the most painful degree.

He could not touch it with his hands, for he was bound.

The sensations communicated themselves to the rest of his body.

From head to legs he felt one mass of fiery irritation.

When this had gone on for ten minutes or so, poor Mole's sufferings quickened his inventive faculties.

"Why should I suffer so?" said he to himself. "Why not give them a full account of all they ask, and betray my friends after my own fashion? Yes, I will answer the wretches, but take care to deceive them."

Suddenly, as though he could no longer hold out, he cried:

"Enough. I'll tell."

"Hold!" said the king.



Sarandi turned to his chief.  
 "Shall I continue the torture?"  
 "Enough," said the chief of the brigands.  
 "Set him loose."  
 This was done.  
 "Now answer my questions," said his majesty, "and your life shall be spared."  
 Mole bowed.  
 "How many men does the whole of your expedition muster?"  
 "All told?"  
 "Yes."  
 "On land and on board?"  
 "Yes."  
 Mole appeared to reflect for a moment or two.  
 "Two hundred and fifty."  
 The pirate stared again at this, and his face grew grave.  
 "Are you sure that you don't over estimate it?"  
 "Yes."  
 "I should recommend you to be very particular."  
 "I am," returned Mole, coolly; "I am not in the habit of saying what is not true."  
 "Who is the commander of the party?" inquired Monastos.  
 "I am the chief officer," responded Mole.  
 "You?"  
 "Yes."  
 The brigand chief looked dubiously at Mr. Mole.  
 "Beware; if you deceive me, you shall suffer more than death."  
 "I am a truthful man," said Mole.  
 "How many are on shore?" demanded the chief.  
 "I don't know to a man," replied Mole; "perhaps a hundred."  
 "Where did you get your information of my treasure from?"  
 Mole thought awhile.  
 "There can be no harm in telling the truth there," said he to himself, "since poor Spirillo is dead and gone."  
 "Well?"  
 "It was Spirillo," answered Mole; "to him I owe all the information which led me to organize this expedition."  
 "I knew it," answered Monastos. "I put that question to test your truth."  
 Isaac Mole was smarting with the anguish of his wounds all over; but he could not repress an inward chuckle at this.  
 "Truthfulness, like honesty," he said to himself, "is its own reward."  
 Monastos, thinking he had gained his purpose, ordered one of the men to give the prisoner some wine.  
 He drank, and made a very wry face.  
 "Good Heaven!" he suddenly ejaculated; "they think they have got all the information they want, and have poisoned me now. They half threatened it."

## CHAPTER II.

THE SCOUT—ON FOR THE CASTLE—THE FACE AT THE WINDOW—"HURRAH! HURRAH!"

MONASTOS thought long and earnestly over the important revelation which the prisoner had made.  
 If his estimate of the numbers of the enemy should be anything at all near the mark, their position was critical.  
 He was no coward.  
 He never for a single moment thought of flight.  
 No; he would fight it out to the bitter end, and let the worst come, he would die upon the spot, guarding the treasure he had spent his life to obtain.  
 Such was the resolution of this bold, bad man.  
 The brigand monarch passed a sleepless night brooding over the camp-fire, while poor old Mole slumbered peacefully, in spite of his bruised hand and aching head, his throbbing heart and pricking side, dreaming that he was slaughtering the brigands wholesale by the side of Harkaway and his son.  
 With morning came a scout bearing news of the most interesting nature.  
 The man was not a Greek, and he addressed the chief in Italian which Mole could follow pretty easily.  
 "Some of the enemy have got possession of the castle," he said, "and they hold there as their prisoner, your daughter, the Signorina Paquita."  
 "Are you sure?" asked the chief. "Whence do you gain your information? Answer."  
 "From the indisputable testimony of my own eyes."

The pirate chief thought for awhile in silence, and then gave his orders.

The scout who had last arrived was a man to trust, so he was started off to the cavern home with instructions to procure ladders, and proceed by the subterranean passage to the castle.

Then the march was resumed.

At length they came in sight of the castle.

"Who can be there?" said Mr. Mole to himself. "Who of our friends can be there? It would cheer me more than all the whiskey I ever drank, if I could only look upon Harkaway or his friends' faces."

His wish was granted; his prayer answered. A face did appear at the window over the veranda.

A dusky countenance, illumined by two glistening big eyes and a set of pearly white teeth.

Mr. Mole stared again.

Could he believe the evidence of his eyes?

Yes, surely! There could be no mistake in this. It was the faithful negro, with whom he had had so many a passage at arms in happier days, and under more pleasant auspices.

"Sunday!" ejaculated Mr. Mole aloud.

And as he looked, there appeared another countenance beside Sunday's woolly poll—a face that made Mr. Mole absolutely cry out with joy.

"Jack! Jack, my poor boy! my own Jack! Oh, where is your father?"

If Harkaway were near, his troubles would be over. Such was his confidence in young Jack's father.

Another figure appeared on the balcony, and then Mole startled all the brigands out of their stolid, calm exterior, by shrieking at the top of his voice:

"There he is! There he is! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Harkaway!—and a little one in!"

## CHAPTER III.

TORO AND HUNSTON ARE RESCUED—THE LAZARETTO—HUNSTON'S FATE—THE FUNERAL TAKES PLACE AT MIDNIGHT.

We left Toro and Hunston adrift on the ocean in an open boat.

It seemed as if their sufferings were about to be ended by violence.

But fate had ordered it otherwise.

Hunston slipped and fell back into the bottom of the boat, while Toro, quick to profit by the accident, strode across him with his dagger uplifted.

It was a narrow squeak for Hunston then.

Toro raised his knife.

It gleamed in the air—it descended.

But not on Hunston.

The latter wriggled his body out of harm's way, and only just in time, for the knife struck the seat upon which his left side had rested, and went an inch or more into the wood, where it stood quivering like a young sapling freshly planted.

The giant Italian seized it again and jerked it out of the seat, his rage not yet expended, and the next stroke would probably have settled the strife.

But it was not to be.

Just at this critical juncture, a sound reached his ears which caused him to look up in some surprise.

It was the sound of a gun.

It was a distant sound; it came ever so far across the sea, and Toro's sight was so dimmed with fasting and suffering that he could not perceive anything for awhile.

But presently he contrived to make out a ship a long way off.

Toro started up.

In an instant his enmity to Hunston was forgotten.

All he could think of was the coming vessel, and his chance of rescue.

Frantically he waved a handkerchief, being the only bunting they could muster on board that frail craft.

Presently they were answered.

A signal gun was fired, and then a boat was lowered and manned, and it pulled towards them.

The boat's crew saluted them, as it drew near, but they spoke in a language which Toro could not understand.

Toro shook his head.

The he tried them in several languages, until he contrived to make himself understood.

Then he explained:

"We were wrecked," said he. "Our vessel went down and all on board, with the exception

of ourselves, perished. We got away in a boat, as you see, and have lived in daily and nightly dread ever since—"

"Of what?"

"Of being starved," was Toro's reply, "or of dying of thirst. I am choking now; my comrade is as badly off."

Hunston groaned.

"Here," said a sailor, "try this," and he held out a small flask.

Both put forth their hands for it, seeking to snatch it from the sailor who held it.

"Gently—gently," said the coxswain of the boat. "You must not drink much."

They were brought up to the ship and helped on board.

The vessel on which they now found themselves was the *Constantine*, and bound for a Greek port, whence, as the captain informed them, they could find a vessel for England.

The British consul would, of course, help them to that end.

This was because Toro volunteered information that the vessel from which they had escaped was bound for Liverpool.

Hunston's sufferings told severely on him, and for a long time he lingered between life and death.

The joint to which the mechanical arm was fixed grew worse from day to day, and the ship's surgeon feared that mortification might ensue.

But constant care and attention alone prevented this.

At length, when they reached their destination, and cast anchor, the first thing that was done was to bear off Hunston and his comrade to the nearest hospital.

The place they were taken to, bore the ugly-sounding name of the Lazaretto.

"Toro," said Hunston, as he was carried in, "I think it is all over with me."

"Why?" demanded Toro; "you must not think that."

"I feel it is sure."

Hunston arose on the litter, on which he was being carried, as they passed the gates of the Lazaretto, and pointed out to Toro, who walked beside him, a low, flat-roofed building, that stood away from the hospital.

"That's the dead-house," replied one of the litter-bearers to Toro.

"That's where I shall be, Toro," he said, "before many days are over."

Toro shuddered in spite of himself.

"You are low-spirited," he said, "and you get strange fancies into your head."

Hunston shook his head.

"You don't believe in presentiments?" he said.

"No."

"Do you remember Emerson?" demanded Hunston, in a low, grave voice.

Toro felt uneasy.

He tried his best to change the topic.

But Hunston would not be denied.

"Emerson knew that his end was near," said Hunston; "he felt sure of it, I know. I often think of it; and I feel sure that Emerson felt then just as I feel now—as I feel now."

As he repeated the last phrase, his voice died away, and his head sank back.

A strange, unpleasant feeling crept over Toro.

Day by day Hunston sank.

Upon the fifth day one of the doctors stood beside Toro, when a messenger came to speak to him of a patient who had just died.

"Very curious case that, signor," said the doctor.

"Indeed."

"Yes, a man with a very wonderful mechanical arm."

Toro opened his ears.

"Yes."

"The arm has got out of order, and the symptoms that the shoulder just showed have altogether baffled us. We contemplated amputating it at the shoulder. But it almost seems as if there had been some subtle poison in the secret springs of the arm, which had been injected into one of the veins as the arm got out of order."

Toro listened in awe-struck silence at these words.

He thought of Hunston's last despairing speech.

He thought of Emerson's dying words.

"Do you think you will have to amputate it?" The doctor stared.

"No," he replied, curtly.

"I am glad of that."

"And I, too," responded the young doctor, flippantly, "for if we had amputated the shoulder joint, it would have put the poor devil to an unnecessary amount of trouble."



"Is he progressing now, then?" demanded Toro.

"He's dead."

"Dead!"

A shiver shook the ex-brigand's big frame.

The young doctor nodded, and smiled quite pleasantly.

"Yes, dead. The porter was sent to ask if he should be taken to the dissecting room or to the dead-house."

"Yes, and you—"

"Said the dead-house. My opinion is mortification had set in, and so we shall not be able to keep him long. He must be buried to-night."

Toro shuddered.

It was but too true.

Hunston was at that moment in the dead-house of the Lazaretto, in the narrow, long box, made of the roughest unplanned deal.

"The man you speak of I knew well."

"Were you related?" asked the doctor.

"No; only comrades."

"Would you like to see him before—?"

"If I could—yet, no—no," he added, with a shiver.

"No," he decided, "he would not go to that awful dead-house."

"Very good. It is as well not. Only you would have to go now, or not at all. No one is allowed after noon—at midnight he will be buried."

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, towards nightfall, Toro remembered that Hunston had got sewn up in the lining of his waistcoat certain valuables which they had agreed to keep as a reserve store.

The valuables consisted of diamonds and other precious stones, the fruits of crime.

Hunston dead, these belonged to Toro.

They represented, in fact, all his worldly wealth.

"What is done with the clothes of those who die here?" he asked of one of the nurses.

"Unless they have any relatives, they are buried with them."

"In the coffin?"

The sister of mercy bowed her head gravely.

"A strange custom."

"It is," she responded.

Toro made no reply to this.

He felt uncomfortable about it.

He dared not mention the fact of the valuables existing; for the possession of such trinkets by two sailors would have excited grave suspicions.

Yet he could not lose them.

"No!" he exclaimed aloud. "Never—never. I'll have the diamonds if I have to snatch them from the grave itself."

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE SIEGE OF THE CASTLE—HOW THE LITTLE GARRISON RESISTED AN ARMY!—BATTERING RAMS!—SUNDAY'S WORK IN THE FIGHT—A NEW DANGER.

BACK we return to the castle, and take up the adventures of the inmates at the moment that the bloodhound Castor, who was posted over the trap-door in the floor, warned them of someone's approach.

"Silence all!" exclaimed Petrus. "Not a word now."

He raised the trap, and listened intently.

"They are coming in some force," he said, to Harkaway.

"What shall we do?"

"Let me think."

"S'pose I pick 'em off as dey come up?" said Sunday. "I'se quite ready, by golly!" And he looked like it.

His sleeves were tucked up to the muscles of his arms, and in his right hand he brandished his long, ugly bowie knife.

And, as he spoke, he dropped upon one knee over the opening, ready for the first man who should appear.

But Harkaway deemed it imprudent to leave the trap open.

In this Petrus fully concurred.

And he gave his reason for having that opinion.

"We are not strong enough in numbers to seek hostilities," he said. "Bad enough when we are forced to fight."

"True," said the elder Harkaway. "Right, Petrus."

"We must fasten the trap. Quick as you can. Gently—no noise; so."

The trap was replaced.

Then Petrus beckoned them to the yard or out-house at the back, where they found a huge flat stone, that required their united strength to move.

By dint of much labor and perseverance, they contrived to roll this huge stone across the room and on to the trap.

This held it firmly.

Young Jack now brought the two blood-hounds in, and the main entrance was securely barricaded.

And when this was done, it was like a regular fortress.

Nothing short of cannon could reduce it.

When all their precautions were taken, they went up stairs again, leaving only two sentries below.

Castor and Cyrus.

The twin bloodhounds were posted, one at the trap and the other at the door, so that they might give warning of anyone's approach.

Young Jack and Harry Girdwood were charged with the examination of the firearms, while Harkaway and Petrus mounted to the upper rooms.

"How came you a prisoner in the power of Monastos?" suddenly asked Harkaway.

"How?" reiterated Petrus, bitterly; "how came I—"

Harkaway saw his strange glance and paused.

"Do not let us trouble you with any questions if they call up recollections that are painful."

"They are painful," answered the outcast: "bitter and painful beyond measure. Yet I like to brood, else I might forget what I live for—"

"Forget?"

"Ay."

"And what is it that you live for?" said Harkaway.

"Vengeance."

The glare of the speaker's eyes caused Harkaway to shudder.

He began to ask himself whether this strange Englishman was not mad.

"He has got a very mad eye," thought Harkaway. "It is very likely that his wrongs have turned his brain."

Petrus presently looked up and said abruptly:

"My story can be told in a very few words. I am not a gifted speaker. Had I ever possessed the gift of eloquence, I should have lost it during my captivity here."

"Captivity?" replied Harkaway. "But surely you have had plenty of opportunities of escaping."

"Plenty, as you say—but too late to avail myself of them. When I could have escaped, I had no longer the will or inclination. I had a mission to fulfil. I had to wait for it. I have waited long years and now the time has come, and you are the chosen instrument."

"I don't quite understand," said Harkaway.

"You will some day. You asked how I came here once—would you like to know?"

"Yes."

"I will tell you," said Petrus. "Monastos was cruising about in the neighboring seas, when ill-luck brought him across the vessel in which I was travelling with my young wife and child. They varied brigandage with piracy. Well, our crew walked the plank—the passengers mostly followed them, and I was destined to follow, when in an evil hour their accursed chief cast his eyes upon my wife. She pleaded on her knees for my life—and he granted her prayer—the villain—the devilish fiend! Ask me not to enter into particulars more closely than that—to describe in detail my own everlasting shame. I became the slave, the wretched, ill-used tool of that villanous monster, and my poor martyred wife died after a twelvemonth's life of horror upon this island. My mind went, I believe, for a time, but I survived for a purpose that is fast approaching consummation after all these years."

And then, overcome by the recollection, he buried his face in his hands, and was silent.

Harkaway respected the strong man's grief.

It touched him to the heart to see a man so moved.

"Did you never rebel?"

Petrus shook his head.

"It is marvelous how you stood it; I never could have done so—my blood would have been up forty times an hour."

Petrus smiled.

"You don't know what adversity can move you to," he said, sadly. "When my life was clouded by this inhuman beast, the sorrow came so suddenly upon it that we were dazed; looking back, I can scarcely account for what occurred; I appear foggy, misty about it. My spirit was cowed. We were absolutely at their mercy, and I feared for my poor darling's life. I lost my calm one day, however."

"How? What was the occasion?" asked Jack.

"I saw Monastos strike my poor wife to his

feet in my presence. My reason fled. Then I fell upon the evil doer, and should have destroyed him in my fury—for he was taken completely by surprise. But I was torn away. Maimed and bleeding, I lay awaiting my doom."

"Death would surely have been a boon," said Harkaway.

"Ay, had she, my wife, been dead first. I could not bear to die and leave her to their tender mercies. Your thoughts came upon me then, and I prayed aloud that my darling might die before me."

"Well?"

"The prayer was barely uttered ere it was heard. And it was responded to—oh, how fearfully! I was fetched by one of the men to her side. She was dying. Ill usage had done its work. She breathed her last in my arms, poor angel! As I laid her down, there came over me a fearful change. The iron entered my soul! From that moment my thoughts turned to one thing. I could only reflect upon one subject; on all else my thoughts refused to center. So that it is not altogether without reason that they regarded me as an idiot. A man of one thought is, practically, an idiot. I had but one; day and night, sleeping or waking, it was ever with me—Vengeance!"

Jack shuddered.

The bitter intensity of the wretched man filled Harkaway with horror.

"Well—well," said he, "I marvel that you supported it as you did."

"What would you have done?" then asked Petrus.

"I should have slain him a hundred times over," said Harkaway.

"What?" iterated Petrus, "you would kill, Monastos?"

"Had I suffered as you have—yes; decidedly."

"Why, had Monastos a life for every hair of his head, and could I take them all with suffering for him, it would not satisfy my vengeance. Death," he added, "a boon, a gift for him, a gift for him, a reward for the righteous! No; Monastos must live. Life is torture; death is oblivion—sleep, rest. Monastos must live. He shall be punished in his affections, by her he thinks his daughter; punished in his greed for money, for he shall, please Heaven, lose all, and know it but too well! punished in his pride, for he has despised me more than the meanest mongrel that ever crawled, and, if Heaven be just, he shall become my slave; my abject slave and tool! Unless I am utterly mad, my dreams will now be realized, and I shall have what I have waited for so patiently. What I have prayed and sighed for—for, ah, how many weary, weary years!"

\* \* \* \* \*

At this point, one of the party came with the tidings that a number of men could be seen lurking among the trees, and evidently meaning to surround the building.

"Ha," said Harkaway, "the work is beginning. Look to your rifles; load them all, and let us lie snug until they are close up."

The story of the poor Englishman's wrong had almost unnerved him, and he welcomed the desperate tidings as a positive relief.

Harkaway now proceeded to post his party in the best positions for the business before them.

Young Jack and Harry Girdwood were sent to the top of the house with the two girls.

Sunday was placed at the window at the back of the house.

Harkaway himself, with Petrus, took the chief position, the window at the veranda.

Here, with rifles loaded and cocked, they waited the first demonstration of the foe.

Waited—waited.

"I wish dey'd come," said Sunday. "I like to have one pop at de ugly debbils."

"What are they doing?" said Harkaway.

"They are planning a surprise," said Petrus.

"The villains," returned Harkaway, "they don't like close quarters."

"They can fight well enough when they are three to one. But look, they are coming!"

The brigands were now seen advancing in strong force.

They had advanced half way to the house, when Harkaway gave the word to fire.

The volley was answered by another, and a shout from the brigands, who, with Monastos at their head, now pressed on, but not until they had received a second discharge from Harkaway's little band, and the brigands had fired in return.

Harkaway's trick told, for the brigands imagined their force to be much larger than it really was.

Monastos now ordered his men to spread them-



elves in a semicircle in front of the veranda, and keep up a continuous fire.

This was returned by Harkaway's party for nearly an hour.

It was now getting dark.

Monastos and one of his men left the rest to continue the attack, while they glided towards the house to examine the door and lower windows.

There appeared little chance of forcing an entrance.

But it immediately occurred to them, that under the veranda their men would not be exposed, and that they might fire through the floor of it upon those above.

Monastos hastened away, and returned with about half the men, leaving the others to continue their attack as before.

The advantage of his maneuver was soon evident.

The musket balls of the brigands soon pierced the planks.

This startled Harkaway, and he ordered them all to retreat from the windows for a few minutes.

The brigands were quiet, as if preparing for another move.

Presently there was a slight crackling noise, and then a flame rose before the window.

They had fired the veranda, and the wood being very dry, it burnt up in a very few seconds.

"What shall we do now?" asked Harkaway.

"Well, they cannot set fire to the house, it being of solid stone," returned Petrus.

"Hist! they are trying the door."

"They may try," said Petrus, "they'll try a very long time; they should have arranged that matter before they burnt the veranda; that might have sheltered them."

"Will you go above," said Harkaway, "and give them a shot or two? Sunday and I will give them a few; we may keep them off for a while, and at least we shall be gaining time."

But Sunday had a trick worth two of them.

While the rest of the party were absorbed in their various ideas for repulsing the attack, he mounted on to the roof, and with the point of his dagger set to work loosening some of the heavier pieces of masonry near the parapet.

A few minutes accomplished this work.

He lent all his strength to the task, and loosened the stone in its socket.

It rocked—it shook.

Just then he was startled by cries of triumph coming from below.

The brigands had made a large battering-ram by felling a tree and lopping off its branches. With this they were charging the door, and the power they thus brought into play was something prodigious.

The door bulged in at the second charge.

At the third it fell in with an ominous crash.

On they pressed, shouting wildly; and above all the din was heard the voice of the brigand king calling his men together, and giving orders as coolly as though commanding a troop of regular soldiers on parade.

The door no sooner gave way than a smart volley was poured in upon them from inside the house.

Twenty shots in rapid succession, and every bullet had its billet.

All their pistols were loaded, and among the defending party they mustered four revolvers and all their rifles.

The rifles were first discharged, then the revolvers came into play; and while the brigands imagined that twenty men at least were in front of them, the volley had taken them so completely by surprise that they never thought of firing in return. It cowed them.

Back they dropped, slowly, step by step, leaving several men upon the ground.

Monastos now showed his mettle.

"Cowards!" he cried, in a voice of thunder, "flying from a mere handful of savages! Back—back, I say!"

He struck at one man with the flat of his sword.

This served, strangely enough, to rally them all, for the men stopped and turned.

Back to the charge they went.

They were steadied by a well-directed volley that met them upon the very threshold of the door.

"A hundred lire," cried Monastos, "to the first man in the house."

"Hurrah!" shouted several of them in response.

And there was a regular scramble for the doorway.

At this juncture a wild and unearthly cry was heard from above.

The very house seemed to shake.

Down fell the large block of stone upon the struggling mass.

And beneath were crushed three of the brigands, while several were maimed.

Sunday had contributed his portion to the work.

"Yah—yah—yah!" laughed the darkey. "Dat'll gib you toko, Massa Brigand—yah—yah!"

For awhile this awful incident paralyzed the efforts of the attacking party.

"Back!" cried Monastos, with considerable readiness. "Retreat and reform. Look to your rifles."

His men struggled back.

"Their position is stronger than we supposed," said Monastos, hurriedly. "Fortune has played into their hands so far; but if we are quick, we shall take them all, and then they shall pay for the blood of my brave men with slow torture!"

A cry—a yell of fierce glee from the pirates greeted these words.

## CHAPTER V.

CAUGHT IN THE REAR—THE HOLE IN THE WALL—CASTOR PINS HIS MAN—THE RELIEF OF THE GARRISON—HAND TO HAND, MAN TO MAN—THE TRAP AND THE MINE SPRUNG.

MONASTOS was speaking to gain time for thought.

More than half his men were *hors de combat*.

As for the enemy, he had no reason to suppose that anybody was so much as scathed.

"Keep to this part," he said, addressing one of his confidential men. "I will take six or seven good hands to the back of the place, and try what can be done there while you engage their attention here."

"Good, captain!"

Scarcely was it said, when a bullet whistled so close to Monastos' eye as to make him wink.

"That's a novice," said the king of the brigands, coolly.

"Now, men, follow me!"

Around they went.

And now danger threatened our friends in the house, for the brigands knew too well where the weak part of the defenses lay.

"I wish they would keep the fight up," said Harkaway. "While we are engaged in fair fight, I look upon two Englishmen as a match for a mob of these vermin. What I don't like is this dodging about."

"They are contemplating some different tactics," said Petrus.

"That big fellow is the master spirit in it all," said Harkaway, pointing.

"That is Monastos," was Petrus' reply.

"That?"

"Yes."

"Then, by Heaven!" ejaculated Harkaway, "I will soon end this."

"How?"

Harkaway, in reply, tapped his rifle significantly.

The pirate chief's life was in jeopardy for an instant only, for at the moment that Jack pulled the trigger, the rifle was knocked up by Petrus.

Harkaway turned around indignantly.

"Petrus!"

"His life is mine," returned the man of mystery. "When his end comes, it must be my work, none other's, or I should not rest in my grave!"

Harkaway forebore to express his anger.

He remembered the wretched man's wrongs.

While they stood by their window, watching in great anxiety the movements of the enemy, young Jack was called to the rear premises by his friend Harry Girdwood.

The latter had been put upon the alert by their faithful though fierce ally, Castor.

His twin brother, Cyrus, was on guard, we should mention, at the broken entrance, where Petrus had placed him, carefully out of rifle reach, but so as to be able to pin any of the brigands who might venture to creep on all fours under the wall.

On reaching the rear of the house, Jack made a serious discovery.

The brigands were making a breach by displacing the stones of the wall.

Now, instead of calling for assistance, these two brave boys were of one mind.

They thrust their rifles into the breach, and fired together.

A cry from without told them that one, at least, of their shots had taken effect.

"Hurrah—hurrah!" yelled young Jack desperately.

But barely was the triumph thus made known when a storm of bullets rattled into the place through the breach.

It was a fearful sound.

The room seemed alive with bullets.

And young Jack was surprised to find himself untouched.

But alas! for poor Harry Girdwood.

He stepped back and sank against the wall, on one knee, stretching out his hand for something to support himself by.

"Jack, old boy."

"Harry."

"I am hurt, Jack."

"No, I hope not, old fellow."

"I am, Jack; hurt in the thigh; give me a hand; the bone is broken, I think; I—I—"

Young Jack flew to his side, and caught him up by the waist-belt, while poor Harry's head sank upon his shoulder.

It was imperative to remove him from that room.

"Castor, good boy," said Jack to the bloodhound, "eat the first man that comes in through that hole."

The bloodhound replied with a look of intelligence.

He had appetite enough for several brigands.

Young Jack raised his poor friend, Harry, and bore him tenderly away.

A third attack from the brigands sent the masonry flying, as he staggered out of the room.

"Jack," said Harry Girdwood, faintly, "I think it is all over."

"Don't talk so, old fellow."

"If I die, promise me you will protect her."

"Who? Emily? Of course I shall."

"No; I mean Paquita, the pirate's child."

And then he fainted.

Young Jack staggered into the room under his heavy burden, just in time for Petrus to catch him in his arms.

"Is he hurt?"

"Yes."

"Why, Jack," exclaimed his father, "you have been to the windows, and after my—my orders—"

"No—no—no—no," cried his son, hurriedly, "they attacked the back of the house, and the wall has given way."

"Good heavens! then we are lost."

"No," cried Petrus, with great self-possession, "call your negro."

"Sunday."

"Yes, sar," replied the darkey, promptly.

"Keep guard here."

"Yes, sar."

Harkaway the elder, accompanied by Petrus, ran to the back of the house, where the breach was by this time considerably enlarged.

"Look at Castor," ejaculated young Jack.

There was something to look at here, indeed. The huge bloodhound crouched over a lifeless brigand, whom he held by the throat.

He had obeyed young Jack's orders to the very letter.

Petrus called the hound off, and the man fell heavily to the ground.

"He is dead."

Castor had done his work but too well, for the wretched man's windpipe was severed, and he had not suffered long.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hurrah! Massa Jack," cried Sunday.

"Massa Harkaway! Massa Petrus! Hurrah!"

"What now?" said Harkaway.

"Rescue—rescue!" cried the negro, "hyar's Massa Jeff. They have come, sar, to the rescue. Hark at dat moosic: by golly! it's j'yful—j'yful moosic, sar! Won't dem cuss pirates hab toko now!"

The music to which Sunday alluded was the rattle of rifle shots that could now be heard plainly enough.

The new comers were divided into two parties.

One was headed by Jefferson, the other by Harvey.

They came on at double; and when within easy range they delivered their fire and charged.

The brigands were in a great measure taken by surprise, but they fought bravely.

Shots were heard, mingled with the clashing of swords, fierce oaths, and cries of the wounded.

I was a fearsome sight to see.

Obstinately was every inch of ground contested.

Desperately did they fight on every side.

And so resolute were they, that the issue appeared long doubtful.

"Now's your time," said Harkaway, sword and pistol in hand.

"Hurrah!"

"Down with the brigands!"

"Death to Monastos!" yelled the negro.

"No!" thundered Petrus; "Monastos is mine! Forward!"

And then from out the castle sallied Hark-



away, closely followed by Petrus, by young Jack, and by Sunday.

These four took the enemy in the rear, and the result soon made itself manifest.

Sunday was armed only with a huge bar of iron, that he wielded with considerable ease and dexterity.

The stoutest swordsmen in vain to parry the fearful blows it dealt.

Every time it descended it cracked a skull.

The carnage was fearful to behold.

Dead and dying strewn the ground.

Jack Harkaway, his arm bare to the shoulder, was covered with blood, and yet he wielded his heavy cutlass as though it had been a willow twig, and all unconscious of his hurts.

The men went down before him like wheat before the reapers sickle, until the boldest hearts were cowed.

And involuntarily they retreated before him or opened out a passage to his desperate advance.

Petrus also fought bravely. He had an object in view.

Monastos.

No less an adversary than the redoubtable king of the brigands would satisfy our bold hero's thirst for glory.

The blood-stained king of the brigands saw Petrus and approach, and he passed through the fray to face and kill his slave.

"Ha!" exclaimed Petrus. "At last!"

Monastos brought down his trusty blade with a fearful clash, hoping to decide the combat with a single stroke.

But Petrus' sword was there to meet it.

The swords shot forth a shower of sparks, and it was a wonder that they did not break.

But they stood out boldly against the shock.

"Stand back!" cried Petrus, seeing his friends pressing in. "Let us alone; let no one interfere."

And then reluctantly they gathered around, while the two champions contested.

It was but a brief fight, for they feinted and finessed but little.

Their blows notched their weapons every stroke, and they were of a force to bring down an ox.

But the fourth blow that Monastos delivered was of such violence that he nearly over-balanced as Petrus nimbly leaped aside to avoid it.

And then, quickly as he recovered himself, Petrus put in a stroke that disarmed him, and sent his weapon spinning out of his hand.

In less time than it takes to record the fact, Petrus toppled him over, and planting his right foot firmly upon his chest, he pressed the point of his sword against the vanquished king's throat.

"Beg your life," he cried.

"Never, slave, from you!" cried the pirate chief.

Then, to the surprise of all, Petrus shouted:

"Long live Monastos! His life belongs to me, remember!"

But before another word could be uttered, the brigands, rallying, dragged their leader up.

"To the treasure cave!" he shouted, as he vanished from sight.

The rest of his party responded by shouts, and a general retreat began.

At least a dozen men got off to the woods, and once there, pursuit became a very difficult job.

"Petrus, you have let the villain escape," exclaimed Harkaway.

"Fear not, follow me," returned Petrus; "only remember this—Monastos must not die! He must be my prisoner only."

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!"

"Do you hear, all?" cried Petrus. "Monastos' life is to be spared, for it belongs to me."

"Yes."

"Follow me, then."

He led them through the forest by a series of short cuts known only to himself, and soon they came upon the range of caverns wherein was situated the treasure of the crime-stained chief of the brigands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile Monastos and his followers gained the caves.

But, to their dismay, when they arrived upon the spot, they found that parts of the cave were already occupied by the enemy.

"Now," said Monastos, "we will exterminate them to a man!"

"We will," responded the bulk of them, as if in one voice.

"Stop!"

"Who speaks?" demanded Monastos, looking up.

"I—Stavros."

"What have you to say, Stavros?" demanded the chief.

"What reward are we to get for this service? It is dangerous work, and remember, two-thirds of our men have fallen in this fight."

"I know but too well, brave men have fallen in fighting these cursed English, and I give you my word you shall half my treasures; in fact, more wealth than you can take away with you."

The pirates' eyes sparkled with ferocious glee.

"Your promise!" cried the band of pirates.

"Good, brave lads!" he said, "you have my word—my promise."

"Hurrah!" cried Stavros.

His cry was caught up by all, and they rushed precipitately after him.

As soon as they were gone a smile of devilish triumph lit up the chief's face, and shaking his clenched hands after the retreating forms, he turned and vanished in the opposite direction.

At the corner of the cavern in which the foregoing scene had taken place, was a massive wooden door in the wall, which none of the band of Monastos had ever seen removed.

One or two of the more inquisitive spirits had essayed to remove it, but its massive make resisted violence, and they were ignorant of the secret which rendered its removal a task of comparative ease.

Monastos, however, showed it to be a trifling job.

First stooping down, he scraped away a little of the earth upon the ground, disclosing an iron handle.

This he tugged heavily at, and the massive door swung back.

Monastos pushed it open and entered.

Within there was a vault more spacious than any that the lair of the redoubtable brigand could boast.

It was filled with a motley collection of bowls filled with gold pieces, bags of leather gorged with precious stones and metals, coffers of iron and of wood, huge chests of plunder of every description.

In the center of the cavern were five small barrels piled up.

Monastos paused a moment or so to glance about him.

There was no irresolution in his glance, for his mind was already made up.

"Farewell!" said he, addressing his riches, "farewell to all for a time, but I may yet live to scrape some of you together again. And now for the punishment of traitors, and revenge on these savage English; all shall perish at one fell blow."

While he thus spoke, he proceeded to drive a hole in the head of one of the casks.

This done, he tilted it, and out rolled a stream of black powder.

The quantity he abstracted was about two quarts.

"With this he made a long train leading to the entrance of the cavern, which was at once his treasury and his powder magazine.

He drew a pistol from his belt, and got ready.

"I hear them above, shooting, stabbing, cutting each other's throats," he said, to himself; "and now for my stroke."

He knelt and presented the pistol to the train of powder.

\* \* \* \* \*

Led by Petrus, the Harkaway party gained the cavern above the magazine.

"Hark!" said Petrus, "I hear the sound of the brigand's footsteps."

"I can now show you how to strengthen our position."

"How?"

"At the entrance that mass of rock is placed upon a kind of pivot, in such a way that it can be wheeled into its place by one man."

"Ha! I see."

"But how about the exit?" asked Jefferson.

"There is a huge boulder there, the same," responded Petrus.

"I begin to see."

"Once outside, we move the rock into its place, and then, as they pass in, we close the other side upon them, and we hold them at our mercy."

"Good—good."

"Brave!" cried Magog; "that is splendidly thought of."

"Come, then," said Petrus, "let us not waste time in words."

Out they trooped, and when the last man had passed out, they watched Petrus, in some curiosity, bend to the massive rock and push against it with all his immense strength.

Slowly it yielded.

Sluggishly, lazily, it rolled over, blocking up the egress from the cavern.

"Now for the other."

Petrus glided around as nimbly as Nero himself could have gone.

But he had barely time to secrete himself behind the huge rock, that stood like a sentry at the entrance to the cavern, when the brigands approached.

The decimated band of Monastos mustered now, perhaps, fifteen men; and of the fifteen not one had escaped scatheless.

Some had but trifling hurts, yet all had wounds of greater or less gravity.

"I do not hear them," said one of the brigands.

Stavros placed his forefinger upon his lips, and, silently drawing his sword, he beckoned them to follow him.

He crept on, his men following close at his heels.

"There is no one here."

"They have fled."

"Come along, follow."

Stavros only turned to beckon them, and then he made for the exit at the further end of the cavern.

Finding it closed, he turned to his men with a cry of wonderment; but ere the sounds died away upon his lips, the entrance through which they had just passed was barred in a similar manner.

They were caught.

"Ha—ha!" laughed Petrus, wildly, "we have them all now."

"All?"

"Monastos as well?" demanded Harkaway.

Petrus started.

"No, by thunder! I did not see him among the number; but so much the better. I shall trap him alone; and then my revenge——"

Why did he pause?

What caused his speech to falter?

What could it be?

The earth trembled violently beneath them.

Then, as they were one and all thrown down by this alarming earthquake, there was a terrific crash, and the whole of the cavern, not twenty yards away, was blown into the air.

\* \* \* \* \*

Monastos had done his fatal work.

The king of the brigands had destroyed the remnant of his band at a single stroke.

But his worst foes, Harkaway and his party, yet lived.

His worst foes?

Had he no worse foes than them?

Yes—surely!

Petrus, the Englishman, his deadly foe, still lived.

And in Petrus he had yet to discover the worst enemy that mortal man ever knew.

## CHAPTER VI.

MR. MOLE IS RESCUED BY NERO—NERO GOES A-NUTTING—FIG FORAGING—ONE FOR HIS NOB—THE CASTLE AGAIN—MOLE IS AGAIN SERENADED—THE INVISIBLE SINGER.

WHEN the brigands made their formidable attack upon the castle, they were very greatly embarrassed at the wooden-legged prisoner.

So they tied him up, and put him in a snug part of the wood.

And here poor old Mole lay *perdu*, unable to stir a peg.

While the battle progressed, he trembled all over.

He would not have been able to render any particular service himself, yet he would like to have watched the fray.

"They are sure to get their jackets dusted," said he to himself, "and that is some consolation. Torture a gentleman, will they? Pull the few remaining hairs out of my head, will they? A landed proprietor like me!"

Poor old Mole had suffered much, and he really felt exhausted.

To add to his mental sufferings, he remembered that he still carried in his breast pocket a flask of spirits that in his present condition would only have proved too welcome a restorative could he have got at it.

But alas! that was impossible.

"I hope they'll die of thirst, some of them," groaned poor old Mole.

And then he began to vent his feelings in bad language—in reviling his captors in no measured words.

But as he grew more and more noisy in his speech, he reflected that it was slightly imprudent thus to let his feelings carry him away, inasmuch as the Greeks might return and vent their spite upon him.

While the firing was at its briskest, and the din of battle drowned all else, Mole was suddenly startled by the flitting of something in the trees above his head.



And down dropped a huge hairy figure.  
"Nero!"

Nero it was, too.

Young Jack's friend stood surveying Mr. Mole with an air of mingled curiosity and surprise.

Mr. Mole saw and appreciated Nero's wonder.  
"Yes, Nero," he said, nodding in a patronizing way, "it is me, your old friend Mole; don't go away; lend a poor old friend a hand—I mean a paw."

How he contrived to make the monkey understand it is beyond our power to say, but certain it is that Nero fell to biting the cords which bound Mr. Mole, and soon the prisoner was free.

Mole stretched himself out and got on his timber.

"Nero," said he, "you are a splendid fellow, and I hope to do you a good turn some day."

Nero appeared to understand.

He nodded, and then he took a sight at Mr. Mole in the quaintest manner in the world, a trick his young master had taught him with infinite pains, and then he had a brisk flea hunt upon his ribs.

The liberated prisoner took his flask out, had a good stiff pull at it, and passed it on to his liberator.

Nero took it, stared at Mr. Mole, and drank it.

But the hot spirit half choked him, and so he spat it out and threw the bottle at its owner, who caught it with considerable dexterity.

"The monkey's an ass," said Mr. Mole with dignity, "to try and waste good liquor like that."

But a rattling fusilade from the castle put an end to their discussion.

Crack, bang—bang!

Nero hopped about like the proverbial parched pea in a fire shovel.

At every shot he capered along or bounced in the air on all fours.

"Warm work this, Nero," said Isaac Mole.

"You haven't learnt to stand fire with the coolness and equanimity of your old friend Mole. Oh!"

His valiant speech was cut short by the crashing of a stray bullet through the trees and shrubs that passed within two inches of his nose.

And as the last word of brag died away on his lips, he dropped upon the ground flat on his face. Nero evidently thought that Mr. Mole was doing this for his special amusement.

And so while the old fellow lay thus quiet, Nero examined him all over until he came to the wooden legs.

Now Nero could not understand Mole being got up like a kitchen table, and convinced, doubtless, that therein lay some occult matter which it was his duty, in the interest of monkeydom generally, to fathom, he tried to pull them off.

"Oh—oh!" cried Mole.

"Queek—queek!" responded Nero, capering away.

"Let my timber alone, you brute," cried Mole, and he arose and examined the fastenings of his wooden leg.

They were quite safe.

He then looked out for a snug corner where the bullets of the contending parties could not reach.

For this it was necessary to penetrate more deeply into the forest, where Nero was very glad to follow him.

Mr. Mole perched himself up in a tree, and having gone through considerable fatigue, he soon fell fast asleep.

Mr. Mole slept.

His head sank upon his breast, and he snored.

He dreamt of battles, of wars and rumors of wars.

His soul was filled with thirst for martial glory in that dream.

He burned with a fierce desire to "seek the bubble reputation," even in the cannon's mouth.

He fancied that his aspirations were granted, and that he was leading the Harkaway party to battle against overwhelming odds.

He fancied that Monastos headed the brigands in the field; but that his—Mole's—presence inspired them with feelings of awe.

He headed the charges, and the enemy fell before him.

Just then there was a shot.

He was struck!

He felt the wound so plainly.

This part of his dream was so fearfully vivid that when he dreamed that he was struck by a rifle bullet, he woke up.

"Only a dream," he said aloud, "and yet—ha!"

A missile hurled by an unseen hand struck him in the eye.

The object was soft, and it smashed there, completely bugging up Mr. Mole's optic.

"Good gracious me," he exclaimed, "what can it be?"

And then Mole scooped gracefully out of his eye the remains of a ripe fig, when down came another shot, and landed him a regular stinger upon his proboscis.

This was another fig.

But this time it was beyond ripeness, and it spread across his face, making him look like a portrait in oil with a jar of paint upset over it.

"Good gracious me!" ejaculated Mole, "I never—"

A third one shaved his ear, and smashed on the bark of the tree, and then he caught sight of Nero making ready with another shot.

Mole dodged it with great dexterity.

"Ha—ha!"

And the next time he lunged sharply out and caught the fig.

They were wild figs which Nero had raked up, and not at all bad eating for a fasting man.

So he had a meal.

While this went on the firing ceased, and after allowing a certain time to elapse to make sure, he ventured down from his perch.

Mole crept out of the wood, until he gained the clearing in which the castle was built.

Not a man was in sight.

"Where have they all gone to?" asked Mole aloud.

"Queek!" replied Nero.

"Hold your tongue," whispered Mr. Mole; "if those beasts of brigands are anywhere near, you'll bring 'em down about our ears."

Cautiously he stepped forward, and made towards the deserted castle.

Deserted castle! Was it deserted, though? he asked himself, with some anxiety.

He saw the splintered ruin.

"They have been going it here," he thought.

"I hope our good friends are all safe and sound." Followed closely by Nero, he crept up to the door.

"All gone," he said. "Ugh!—no! there's one there still."

One of the brigands, stiff and stark.

A huge fellow, whose face wore the hideous pallor of death, and whose features were distorted by the agony of his last moments.

In his hand he clutched a long dagger-knife, and the position of his arm, now rigid in death, showed that he was about to strike when he received the fatal wound.

"Poor wretch!" murmured Mr. Mole. "I think I have had enough adventures for one while, and once I get safely home again, with my dear friends all, I'll make up my mind to get quite domesticated with Mrs. M. Still, the sight of this dead-house is anything but inspiring; it is grievous to see, and it's anything but pleasant to be in a lone place, with no company but dead bodies, and—"

He stopped short; and why?

He heard a voice; close at hand, too.

His color fled from his cheeks, and his wooden legs threatened to give way beneath him.

A minute more, and the voice grew familiar.

Not only was the voice familiar, but it breathed—or, let us use a poetical figure, and say warbled—an air which Isaac Mole had heard under happier conditions.

The words were the very opposite of poetry; in fact, both words and music were decidedly jiggy.

We will leave the readers to fit their own music, which they will probably do without any great difficulty.

"Ole Daddy Mole

Was a Band of Hope soul,

Teetottlin' soul was he;

Whiskey and gin

He regarded as sin,

A evil sperrit he vowed was brandie."

"Ha—ha!" ejaculated old Mole, with a theatrical start; "surely—yet hark!"

Again the voice shouted:

"Ole Ikey Mole

Had no wool on his poll,

An' no teef in his 'ed for to munch;

He'd two timber-toes,

An' a grog-blossom nose,

Though it didn't insinuate punch."

Mr. Mole jumped.

"Dammel!" he cried, "it's that Sunday; the imp of darkness. I'll throttle him!"

"Yah—yah!" laughed the invisible minstrel.

"Sunday!"

"Yes, sar."

"Where are you?"

"Up here."

"I'll come—I'll come," cried Mole, trotting to the foot of the stairs.

He turned to call Nero.

But that erratic ape had disappeared.

So up Mole went alone.

Great was his surprise when he found himself in the gorgeous apartment which we have already described.

And so great was his surprise that he did not notice the occupants of the chamber until a faint voice called him by name:

"Mr. Mole!"

"Halloo!"

He turned around and discovered a youth reclining upon a low ottoman.

The poor lad was badly hurt, and his cheeks were ghastly pale.

Beside him knelt two young and lovely girls, both flushed with deep concern for the patient.

Is it necessary to give the names of the three? Perhaps.

The suffering youth was poor Harry Girdwood.

The two gentle nurses were pretty little Emily and her new-found friend, the lovely Paquita.

"Mr. Mole," said Harry, "I'm so glad to see you safe back."

These kind words showed such consideration from one suffering as the poor boy did, that Mr. Mole was melted.

"Are you much hurt, my dear Harry?" he asked in a broken voice, for the pallor of the lad's cheek alarmed him.

"No."

"He is," said little Emily, looking up into Mole's face; "but he is so brave that he will not let us know his pain."

Poor Paquita! her eyes were bent upon the patient's face, and she followed his varying expressions with an eagerness that pierced his very thoughts.

"Who is that?" demanded Mr. Mole, pointing to her.

"Paquita."

At hearing her name mentioned, the girl looked up, and smiling a welcome at Mr. Mole, turned again to the patient.

His pain was less when the sunshine of her pure eyes rested upon him.

There was a magic in her glance which seemed to drive suffering back.

Did thirst assail him, her hand was there with the glass at his lips.

If the fever scorched his brow, she had a damp cloth ready to cool it; and when more than once he grew faint from loss of blood and felt as though he were vanishing from the world, she was ready there to press his hand in hers and bring him back to life.

Who would not be wounded for such care!

Mr. Mole learned all about Paquita, and very much surprised he was.

"But where," said Mr. Mole, looking about him, "where is Sunday?"

"Yah—yah!"

His voice sounded close by.

And then the faithful negro made his appearance.

Grimacing all over his face, he ran up to Mr. Mole and threw his arms around him in unaffected pleasure at seeing him again.

"Glad to see you, brudder Mole," he exclaimed, "puffectly considerable dam glad to meet you, ole brudder Mole."

"Keep off, you nigger," said Mr. Mole, with dignity.

He repulsed Sunday rather unceremoniously.

"You're a ignorant ole pump after all," said the darkey; "you s'pose 'case a nigger fellar's skin is black dat his heart can't be white as yourn. Sunday's a biled owl to wish you back, your cantankerous ole—ole—ole rhinoceros!"

"I don't care a fig, Sunday," Mole answered, "about a man's color, only I don't like to be made a fool and a laughing stock of by anybody, black or white, and—"

"Dat's dis infant's fault, den, brudder Mole; I'se berry much infernal confounded sorry; but 'tain't me so much as yourself, brudder Mole; but I'm awful pleased you'se back so safe."

"I can see you are, Sunday," said Mr. Mole, "give me your fist."

And the brothers-in-law shook hands heartily, to the infinite pleasure of all around.

## CHAPTER VII.

MONASTOS PLAYS HIS LAST CARD—IT FAILS—THE FIGHT IN THE WATER AND DEATH OF GALLANT OLD BEN HAWSER.

WHEN Harry Girdwood came to be tended more closely, and his hurts examined, it was found that, come what would, it was not possible to move him.

Paquita saw this.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Mole, "don't you



see that if he remains here, there is great danger?"

"No," replied the bold girl, "he is not in danger while I am near."

"I don't see that," replied Mr. Mole; "you are not, for they would not touch you, I suppose; but it is a very different matter with him, poor fellow."

"Do you think I would let them harm him?" exclaimed Paquita, with flashing eyes; "never—never, while I live!"

"I am safe with Paquita for a protector, Mr. Mole," said Harry.

Little Emily would have stayed to share Paquita's watch, but the others would not hear of it.

Mr. Mole, Sunday, and little Emily, therefore, started out in search of their party.

And as they made their way through the intricacies of the wood, they were suddenly startled by a terrific explosion which shook the earth as though by some awful volcanic eruption.

This remnant of the band of Monastos had been blown into eternity by the evil hand of the king of the brigands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Monastos knew well the awful nature of the destruction he had wrought.

"Now," he cried, "before I escape from this island, I will have my revenge on Harkaway's friends left on board their ship."

And as he ran he conceived a devilish scheme for scuttling the *Westward Ho!* with its living freight.

The pirate chief was soon lurking in a small boat that was made fast to the ship's chains and busying himself there, preparing to take his revenge on Emily and Hilda.

And he might have been sadly successful in what he sought but for an accident.

Young Jack was there before him, he having been sent forward to see if all on board were safe, for young Jack dearly longed to see his mother, and as soon as they had gone through a rapturous greeting, Mrs. Harkaway sent him flying off to his berth to change his garments.

The consequence was that while engaged in this hasty toilet, his attention was attracted by certain scraping sounds.

"Halloo!" thought Jack, "I must find out what that means."

So up he got, and was quickly on deck; then looking over the side of the ship, he saw Monastos busy at his work of destruction.

Young Jack was dumbfounded at what he saw.

But he did not pause to reflect.

"Halloo, ugly mug!" he shouted, "what's your game?"

The brigand chief started, and with great presence of mind drew a pistol from his belt, and straightening his arm, pulled the trigger.

Click!

Nothing more.

Monastos had forgotten that he had discharged his pistol some time back.

With a muttered imprecation he leaped over into the water and dived.

"You don't get off like that, you land shark," cried young Jack.

And before anyone could divine his intention, much less prevent him, the fearless boy went over head first after the pirate.

He had made a long dive, and as he arose to the surface he faced the redoubtable Monastos.

"What!" cried the king of the brigands, in mixed surprise and exultation; "is it you? You spawn of Satan, you shall soon be put out of harm's way."

Young Jack made one stroke and grappled boldly with the speaker.

"Yield, thou brutal pirate!" said the boy.

Monastos replied by a loud, mocking laugh.

"Yield to you, young cub? Never! Your life I will have here; in this water."

As he spoke, his right hand groped about his belt for his knife.

He then grasped young Jack by the throat, and the unlucky boy was about to pay for his temerity with his life.

The huge brigand chief, by sheer weight alone, bore the struggling lad under water.

Had he been able to get out his knife, it would soon have ended young Jack's history; but before he could get hold of it fairly, there was some one else upon the scene.

A loud and manly voice was heard shouting:

"Hold on, here, my lad! I'm with you, Jack, my boy."

The next moment Monastos was seized roughly by the shoulder.

And then a burly voice bawled words of defiance in his ear.

"Why, you black-muzzled swab; let the boy go, or I'll precious soon make small biscuits of you, as sure as my name is Ben Hawser!"

Monastos had to make a hurried choice.

Either he must let Jack go, or go under himself.

Jack was released, and Monastos, knife in hand, turned upon bold Ben Hawser.

"Strike out for shore, lad, and leave this skunk to me," cried old Ben to Jack.

And now began a short, sharp, and decisive struggle in the water.

So quickly did it all take place, that by the time that young Jack had filled his lungs again with air, after his long immersion, he could not see either old Ben or Monastos.

Old Ben was tough and wiry, but his adversary was a man of immense power, and his weight alone told fatally in that brief contest which now ensued.

Ben seized Monastos by the throat, and twisting his horny hands in his neckcloth, pressed so hardly upon his windpipe, that the brigand chief was in deadly peril; but disengaging one hand, Monastos turned upon his opponent, and, grappling him fiercely, both went under.

A moment or so elapsed, and then young Jack saw only one rise to the surface eight or ten feet away.

It was Monastos.

"Ha—ha—ha!" he laughed demoniacally, as he struck out for shore; "One of my foes gone."

Before the echo of his laugh had died away, Ben rose, too, and, as he breasted the water, young Jack perceived, to his infinite horror, a poniard buried up to the very hilt in the old sailor's side.

"Master Jack, are you safe?" gasped the old man, as he shook the water from his face.

And then he was about to sink again, when young Jack made one vigorous stroke to his side, and helped to support him.

"Where is the pirate?" faltered Ben.

"Gone; but are you hurt, Ben?"

"No, not much; are you, my boy?"

"No."

"Thank God!" returned Ben, fervently; "but the swab has done for me!"

Young Jack by now had hold of the edge of the boat, and somehow or other he contrived to scramble up without releasing his hold of Ben Hawser.

And then he lifted his preserver up, too.

As soon as they were in the boat, poor Ben sank back exhausted.

Panting, gasping, sighing his brave old life away.

"My poor Ben, are you so badly hurt?" asked young Jack, eagerly.

"Yes, dear boy, so badly," faltered the old man, "that I shan't want much of the same sort before—before I'm food for the fishes."

"Don't, Ben, don't!"

"Now, Master Jack, don't you take on," said Ben, growing fainter every moment, and at every word; "this battered old hull has done its service, and I'm content; the lubberly shark has left his prodder stick into me. He struck deep, wither him!—precious deep—deep—"

"Jack—Jack!" cried Mrs. Harkaway at this moment from the ship.

"All right, mother."

"Are you hurt, Jack?"

"No, ma'am," answered Ben, looking up with a cheery smile, although his face and lips were livid; "our boy's right and tight enough, but I'm waterlogged."

"No—no, Ben! I cannot part with you. Do not say you are dying; you will get over it."

"No, my boy, I'm wanted above; my time's up, and I must depart. God bless you, Jack! Don't forget old Nero, and don't forget old Ben. Good-by, lad; remember me to—"

And even as he spoke, the gallant old tar gave up the ghost.

"Ha—ha—ha!" rang out the demoniacal laughter of Monastos.

Glancing towards the shore, they saw the brigand chief climb up the bank.

A moment he stood to shake the water off his garments.

Then he plunged into the forest and was lost to sight.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE PIRATE'S DESPAIR—ONE LAST MOVE—THE OUTCAST ENGLISHMAN FACES HIM—DESPERATE ENCOUNTER! PETRUS TRIUMPHS—THE "WESTWARD HO" SAILS FROM MAGIC ISLAND—THE LAST VIEW OF THE CHIEF OF THE PIRATES AND PETRUS THE OUTCAST.

MONASTOS paused to reflect only when in the depth of the forest.

Here he was safe from pursuit.

"I am alone now, and could I but find means of reaching Athens, I should be safe; my old comrades and allies are still flourishing. Yes, I could escape, but for Paquita. How to get hold of her, that's the puzzle."

He hurriedly matured a plan of action.

It was this.

In a creek on the coast of the island he had a sailing boat whose existence the Harkaway party utterly ignored.

This boat was ready to take to sea at a moment's notice.

True, it would want some working single-handed; but this difficulty could be got over.

But his great trouble was to get Paquita.

Now, he was in league with a powerful tribe of brigands who infested the country around about Athens, and so ardently did his soul burn for revenge upon the adventuresome owners of the *Westward Ho!* that he made up his mind to sacrifice the half of the treasure remaining to him in bribing the Athens band to help him to his dear vengeance.

"The bulk of my hard-earned store of wealth is scattered to the winds with the carrion of my traitor followers and the accursed Harkaway's," mused the king of the brigands; "but I have yet a store of which they never dreamt, a rich coffer that Spirillo himself knew not of; with this I can buy the life of everyone remaining on that ship. I'll have them, too, if I spend my last dollar in it."

But he reckoned without his host again.

A footstep was heard, and Petrus stood before him.

Monastos started again as one in a dream, upon beholding the half-witted Englishman.

How could he have escaped the explosion?

However, the first surprise over, Monastos made himself easy about Petrus.

The wretched outcast alone was too contemptible an object to occasion a moment's fear.

"Petrus," exclaimed the brigand chief, "why did you attack me with Harkaway's gang? But you have repented, I expect, and have now come to ask pardon and give me your help."

Petrus made no reply.

With folded arms he stood contemplating the Greek pirate, while his face wore a stolid look that defied the keenest observer to read what was passing in his mind.

"Speak," said the Greek, "and tell me how you escaped from the rest."

"What rest?" demanded Petrus, in a cold, hard voice.

"The rest of our comrades," answered the brigand, "and with our accursed enemies."

"The English?"

"Yes."

"They are no enemies of mine."

"I see," answered the king, with a bitter smile, "being your countrymen. I ask your pardon."

"It is too late."

The king laughed boisterously at this, yet in spite of himself there was a strange sound in the outcast's voice which jarred upon his ear.

"Oho, Master Petrus," said he, "so you didn't like to see so many Englishmen blown to the devil. But now answer me why you drew your sword on me, and speak truly, or your life shall answer for it."

Petrus stared sternly into the brigand's eyes, and Monastos, for the first time in his life, felt under a species of magnetic influence.

Petrus advanced as if to strike the chief.

"Hah, you dare—"

"No, not yet; first know that the Englishmen and Americans all escaped."

"All?"

"All."

A change came over the brigand's face; it was a desperate blow to him, and already his punishment was beginning to be sore indeed.

His brain was fired with a rush of confused thoughts which could not take shape.

"Where is Paquita?" he asked; "where is my daughter? Do you know?"

"Yes, I know where Paquita is now—at this moment."

"Where?"

"Lost to you."

"Lost; cudgel your addled brain for a moment, idiot, and answer if you can. Where is she?"

"You will never see her again," replied Petrus, in the same dull, cold tones.

"Never."

The brigand stared in agony.

"The terrors of what he has witnessed have driven away what little wit remained to him," said Monastos, wonderingly.



Petrus shook his head.

"No," he said, in the same motionless strain, "I am just recovering, I am shaking off an incubus that has been pressing upon my poor brain for a lifetime."

Monastos felt a strange sensation of uneasiness stealing over him.

"What mean you?" he said.

"I mean that you have, by your own hand, hastened the end for which I so long have sighed—"

The chief of the pirates interrupted him with a cry of impatience.

"Silence your ravings," he said, imperiously, "and begone! And, mark you, bring back my daughter within three hours to this spot, or you shall suffer. I'll have you bastinadoed for hours—until you shall cry aloud for death to end your sufferings!"

Petrus smiled.

"Beware, monster, for now my revenge is near."

Monastos was goaded beyond endurance at this; he rushed at the outcast with uplifted hand, but, ere he could strike, Petrus caught him dexterously by one wrist, and gave it a twist that caused the brigand to spin around with a half-uttered cry of pain.

"Thunder and a furies!" ejaculated the Greek, "your life shall answer for that."

"Oh, no," responded Petrus, coolly; "not my life—nor yours either."

Monastos had by this drawn his sword, and he made a desperate cut at Petrus; the latter parried it coolly enough, and retreated a step on guard.

Monastos followed him up quickly, and put in another powerful stroke, with the same result as before.

The brigand king was cunning of fence, and he soon perceived, to his no little surprise, that he had before him an adversary worthy of his sword.

So he feinted, and endeavored to draw the other out. But the Englishman observed the same tactics, always acting strongly upon the defensive.

Ten minutes' foiling left the Englishman untouched, and with the same provoking coolness, the same composed exterior as before.

"He has carte and tierce at his fingers' ends," said the Greek to himself; "whoever would have suspected it? He is dangerous and must be destroyed."

His reflections were brusquely interrupted; a dexterous twist nearly sent his sword flying from his grasp.

Monastos quickly recovered himself, and sprang back a pace or two, on guard; but he need have had no fear.

The outcast did not seek to follow up the advantage thus gained; he only remained as before—upon the defensive.

"I must end this," said the king of the brigands, with suppressed passion; and so saying, he made a desperate onslaught.

A terrific downstroke was caught by the Englishman close up to his sword-hilt, and the blade was shattered to atoms; at the same time the violence of the stroke brought him down upon one knee.

"Ha-ha!" cried the brigand chief in triumph, "at last!"

As the word was dying away upon his lips, Petrus had shot in under his sword-arm, and seized him in a deathly clutch; one hand gripped the right wrist, the other was upon his neck.

As the fingers closed upon the wrist, it seemed as though a steel vise were being screwed down tighter and tighter; the sinews were pressed—benumbed, under that terrible hand, and the sword fell to the earth.

The snake-like fingers twined around the brigand's neck-cloth, and he fell.

Once upon the ground, a fearful struggle ensued; but the strength of the Greek availed him not.

The outcast used no jerks—profited by no knowledge of wrestling—but he bore his enemy to earth by sheer force; and having him there, he held him—pinned him, as one might pin a noxious reptile.

And marvellous to relate, the Englishman preserved throughout the struggle his same stolid look.

The desperate fight even had not appeared to spend his breath.

"Curse you!" gasped the panting brigand, "the chance is yours. But ere you strike, tell me, is my daughter safe?"

Petrus stared into his face in a cold, expressionless way.

"I do not mean to kill you," he said. "You must live—live—long—long—long!"

Involuntarily Monastos shuddered and closed his eyes.

His life was preserved him, and yet he felt that

those icy tones and that fixed, corpse-like stare meant something to which even death was preferable.

Yet he could not dream of what was to follow. Had he been able to divine it, he might have prayed for death.

While Petrus knelt upon his prostrate adversary, he drew from his pocket a thick knotted rope in which a slip noose had been run.

Holding this between his teeth, he placed both hands upon the prostrate Greek, whom, with a sudden jerk, he dragged over on his face.

The pirate and murderer, Monastos, struggled desperately, but the outcast held him beneath his knee while he dragged back his arms with a wrench that seemed to force the joints from their sockets.

The rope was now brought into use.

The noose was slipped over the brigand's wrists and tightened until the cord ate into his flesh.

The other end of the rope was used to make fast his ankles.

This done, he rolled the helpless Greek over again, and he saw to his satisfaction that already the torture was telling.

The brigand had bitten the turf in his agony to stifle his groans.

Petrus smiled.

"This is as it should be," he said, with a hollow laugh. "Now listen to me, Monastos, monarch of the isle, while I wring your soul with terror."

"That is beyond the power of mortal man," retorted Monastos.

"No; not beyond mine."

"Madman! you may make me drain the cup of humiliation at being defeated by such a miserable wretch as you, but it is beyond your power to make me fear."

"Wait," said the Englishman, nodding his head gravely.

"I may wait till the crack of doom," returned Monastos boldly, "and yet not fear you."

"You will want patience more than I have shown, and I have been patient, as you know, for all these years. Why, I lived upon hope."

"Hope?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"Of seeing this day—this is balm to my bruised heart. It cannot bring her back to life, but it is solace to know you suffer. Every instant of agony you pass through is an hour's pleasure for me."

An awful dread crept over the brigand as he listened.

Till now he thought that his abject slave had turned upon him when in adversity, or perhaps because he knew that he was doomed with the rest to be blown to atoms; but now he saw that he was suffering for the crimes of many years past.

He saw that the wretched outcast, the miserable slave who had been the sport and butt of the band, throughout had been living upon the hope of a day of deadly vengeance.

The reckoning was at hand, and in an agony of fear, which he would have died before admitting, he awaited to learn the nature of the punishment to which his once slave, now master, doomed him.

"Since when have you conceived this hatred for me?" asked Monastos.

"Since her death," answered the Englishman.

"Hers? Whose?"

"My murdered wife's," returned the outcast. "Ah! you can't provoke me into killing you. I have practiced self control under the bitterest conditions, as you know."

The captured brigand closed his eyes, and as he lay thus, in the power of the injured Englishman, an awful fear possessed him.

"Tell me," Monastos faltered hoarsely. "Your vengeance is upon my—my innocent child—"

And here he broke down.

"Ha—ha!" laughed the outcast.

"Beast!" cried the wretched captive, writhing until the blood trickled from the parts of his limbs where the cruel bonds ate into his flesh. "Monster! devil! a child—an angel like her, my Paquita!"

The ineffable tenderness with which he breathed the name brought a reply from Petrus.

"I must, in spite of myself," he said, "ease your mind upon that head. Paquita is safe."

"And shall be protected?" demanded the king of the brigands, eagerly.

"And shall be protected," responded the other, gravely.

"Good—good!" said the prisoner; "now you may do with me as you will."

Petrus eyed him with a grim smile of satisfaction.

"Ay, make yourself happy on that score, that your wretchedness may be the more complete when I have said what remains to be told!"

Monastos was silent.

What new terror could this dreadful being have in store for him?

"You love Paquita?"

"More than my life," cried the pirate. "She is my only child."

"No!" thundered the Englishman. "Paquita is no child of yours; the girl you have been so tenderly caring for these long years is—"

He paused.

"Whose?"

"Mine."

"Liar and slave!" the captive brigand shouted.

"Ho-ho!" laughed the Englishman, quietly; "I will convince you in spite of yourself. When you held me at your mercy eleven—twelve—thirteen years ago—I have almost lost count—it pleased you to condemn me for some freak of resistance to your commands, to slay my own child. Do you remember?"

"Perdition seize you!" yelled Monastos, as with herculean force, he burst his bonds.

But it was of little use. Petrus again had his heavy foot on the brigand's breast, holding him down with a giant's power.

"No!" he cried, pointing a sword at his breast; "you escape not thus!"

And once again he proceeded to bind him more securely. The Englishman continued:

"I thought that as you showed some fondness for your own babe, which was of the same age, you might have spared mine. But no; you ordered me to kill my child under pain of death to myself and wife. I fled to where the two children lay, yours and mine. Your assassins followed close upon my heels, and I, inspired by the very terror you had called up, seized your child in my arms, intending to have life for life if your cruel commands should be obeyed. Your murderers entered, and seeing your child in my arms, thought it was mine—that I had taken it to protect it. They dragged it from me, and butchered the innocent babe before my eyes."

A hollow groan from his prisoner recalled him to himself, and he looked up with a fiendish smile.

"You lie!" cried Monastos. "You lie—foully lie; it was your child they killed!"

"No—no! You know that I speak the truth, you feel now that my vengeance began ere my sufferings had reached their climax. You feel that the child you nurtured and had so carefully tended was mine."

The brigand chief was silent awhile.

"Slave, if what you state is true, does Paquita know of it?" he demanded presently.

"Yes, she knows now how you were steeped to the very soul in blood, that you slew her mother: she knows all this, and she loathes you. I have taught her to shudder at the very mention of your name."

The color fled from the captive's cheek.

His bloodless lips quivered, and he trembled with the unutterable anguish he endured.

"Why, now," exclaimed the outcast, "this is prime. This is something like vengeance, and it was worth waiting for—ay, waiting for even for a life time. It is a feast fit for the gods, I swear!"

And then, as the prisoner groaned and bit his lips in the bitterness of his anguish, his master threw up his legs and danced in a wild, savage manner around him.

"You have defeated your own object," said Monastos, in a strangely altered voice.

"Indeed; how?"

"I have nothing left to care for in life. I want to die."

"Not so much as you will," replied the Englishman promptly; "there is to come a time when day and night you shall pray for death, and yet you shall live. I will see that you live—live—live for my own special enjoyment; my life is henceforth devoted to you. My child shall leave the island with our new friends. I shall remain here, you will try to starve, I shall not allow it; I shall force your mouth open and thrust food down your throat. For you must live to make my vengeance complete."

Who shall describe the depth of bitterness that fell upon the wretched brigand?

What pen shall describe the unutterable despair that filled the pirate's heart?

"You see this stone," said Petrus, pointing to a large boulder beside his prisoner; "that is to be the foundation stone of the kennel that I am going to build for you. You are to labor in it too."

Then he dragged the prisoner over, and forced him to kneel.

The stone in question he lifted, and placed in



the prisoner's hands, which were fastened, as we have said, by the wrists, behind his back.

If he let it fall, its weight would crush his legs. "Now move," said his master; "shuffle forward on your knees, quicker."

And down came a rope's end upon the captive's shoulder.

He shuffled slowly, painfully forward, and then he let the stone fall.

"I'll not do it," he cried, resolutely; "I'll die first."

"Oh, no, you shall not die," retorted Petrus, with a smile; "you shall live, I say. Crawl on now, or——"

"Never!"

"Then I'll bring the Englishmen to see you."

"I care not."

"I'll make Paquita come and spurn the murderer of her mother."

"No—no—no!" cried Monastos, imploringly, "not that; I'll obey."

"Crawl on, then."

And on he crawled, while his master, from time to time, whipped him with the end of a rope as though he had been one of the inferior animals.

Suddenly a familiar voice was heard, and glancing up, Petrus saw the Harkaway party marching along the heights above.

Several of them had been silent witnesses of the scene, and they revolted at the horrible thoughts it conjured up.

They were not to say scrupulous, and had Petrus slain his cruel oppressor in cold blood, even after vanquishing him, it would not have surprised them.

But this was a refinement of vengeance which horrified them, and they began to murmur.

"Let no one come between me and my revenge," said Petrus, sternly. "He, the murderer of my wife, belongs to me; he is my lawful property. I claim no other share of the plunder you will find here; take all."

"He is right," said Jefferson, "quite right. We have no jurisdiction here. This man has suffered no common wrongs. We may disapprove the feelings which inspire him, but we have no right to interfere."

"Before we go, Petrus," said Harkaway, "one word—I call you Petrus, for I know you only by that name."

"I would be known by none other," returned the outcast. "It is a constant reminder to me of my duty. They gave me the name of Petrus when I came here; let me be Petrus to my life's end. I feel it was fitting that I should be renamed, for here I began a new life."

"I was about to say," resumed Jack Harkaway, "that what money we take hence is not for ourselves. Our crew and those of our party who are needy will be provided for; the residue will be disposed of in various charities, and may the blood-stained gold carry no taint with it; Paquita shall be protected by all."

"Amen!"

They passed on, leaving the Englishman and Greek pirate, master and man—victor and vanquished—alone together.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days later, the *Westward Ho!* sailed from Magic Island.

They were anxious to be gone from the scene of so much strife and bloodshed, and had resolved to rub off many ugly recollections by a change of scene.

The gallant vessel glided gracefully out of Fairy Creek, and as they passed along the coast, young Jack had assisted Monday and Harry Girdwood up on to the poop to take a last look of the island.

"Look—look there!" exclaimed Harry Girdwood, as they glided along.

"Where?"

"There, don't you see—there's the Englishman—he's whipping a man who is crawling along the ground—see! It must be the pirate chief."

They looked, and recognized the man who knelt.

They were not a hundred feet from the shore, and the group was visible enough.

Petrus, the outcast, whip in hand, stood over his victim, the latter being harnessed to a low cart or trolley laden with stones, and dragging it along over the rugged, uneven ground with much difficulty.

At every step, down came the whip, scourging the wretched prisoner's back and shoulders.

Such was the last view they caught of the once powerful chief of the pirates, as the *Westward Ho!* glided through the waters.

This, too, was the last they saw of Magic Island.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW JACK HARKAWAY VISITED HUNSTON AND TORO, BUT RECOGNIZED NEITHER.

HUNSTON and Toro had been just eight days in the lazaretto, when Harkaway and his friends disembarked from the good ship *Westward Ho!* at the Greek port.

They sought out a residence where they could be away from the world, in some degree, for they formed a pretty large circle of society of their own immediate friends, and the scenes which they had recently passed through were sufficiently exciting to satiate them with adventures for a long while to come.

To some of us it is given to pass through life in a slow and uninteresting manner, with no adventure to break the monotony of peaceful existence.

To others, it seems as though an unceasing round of excitement must of necessity be kept up, even if the excitement be unsought for.

So it was with Jack Harkaway and his son; and so it was in consequence with the friends who had been attracted into their circle by the enticing charm of their company.

Adventures appeared to crop up every instant. Excitements were offered them with a regularity and a persistence which was almost unpleasant.

They joined jovial Jack and his son, and Dick Harvey, because those worthies had earned for themselves a not unmerited reputation for being about the most dare-devil rovers and adventurers that the age had produced.

If their object was to get into danger, their object was fully achieved beyond all manner of doubt.

They were sure to get their belly full of danger as long as they kept near to Jack Harkaway, Dick Harvey, or to Jefferson either, for the matter of that.

Well, Jack Harkaway bought a villa, situated upon the skirts of Tripolitza, where he had room enough to accommodate the choicest spirits of their party.

And from these headquarters they made daily excursions to explore the neighborhood, and visit the lions of that part of the country.

Now the only one of the facts worth recording here, is that two days after their arrival, they visited the lazaretto, for the purpose of making a gift to that excellent charity of a portion of their booty from Magic Island.

It was in accordance with the programme they had traced out for themselves.

This must be fresh in the reader's mind.

The heads of the hospital showed them about the place with the utmost politeness—the riches and generosity of the visitors had been communicated to them in advance.

Now, as Harvey and Jack Harkaway were going through one of the wards, their attention was drawn to one of the beds which was covered with a long sheet.

Beneath the sheet they could plainly see the outline of a man.

Rigid, stiff—stark!

The sheet looked like a shroud, they thought, and it made them feel just a bit uncomfortable.

Harkaway turned to the head surgeon, who accompanied them on their tour of inspection.

"Is that——"

The doctor nodded in anticipation of the question.

"Yes."

"But surely," said Dick, "you don't keep the quick and the dead all in one room like this?"

"No," returned the doctor, "he is only just dead."

"Only just——"

"Within the past two hours. In the course of half an hour, he will be removed to the dead house."

"And you bury them soon?"

"Within twenty-four hours," was the reply; "in this case it will be much less."

"Why?"

"Because the nature of the death leads us to believe mortification had set in."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he died in very great suffering, apparently," said the surgeon, with the air of one commenting upon a matter in which a fellow creature's sufferings were of the smallest moment, "and indeed it was a most curious case."

"How curious?"

"The patient had a mechanical arm," returned the surgeon, "with a curious secret about some of the springs that almost baffled us. We were half inclined to think that the arm was poisoned."

"Poisoned!" echoed his hearers in some surprise.

"Yes."

"Were the symptoms of a description to make you think so?"

"Yes."

"And could you come to no decision before he died?"

The doctor shook his head.

"None."

"Strange."

"Strange indeed. But we have many strange things occur here. By the way, gentlemen," he added, "from the interest you show in the case, I should judge that you have some knowledge of surgery."

"We have—an elementary knowledge, only."

"You are at liberty, then, to make a close inspection of this case, if you feel interested."

And as he spoke, the surgeon was about to draw back the sheet which covered the body.

But they stopped him.

"Take no notice of the trouble," he said; "I am entirely at your service. I don't seek to weary you; only do here as you will."

Such is the power of gold.

Had a poor visitor presented himself, he might have asked in vain for half the privileges they were eager to offer the wealthy Englishmen.

"By the way, gentlemen," said the doctor, as an inducement to rouse their curiosity still further, "the patient was an Englishman, I believe."

"Indeed!"

"How strange."

Strange indeed, could they but have known that the object of their conversation was none other than their old enemy, Hunston.

They passed on to another patient, and then to the next ward.

And when they came to the ward in which Toro, the Italian, lay, the latter was fast asleep and his head was half concealed beneath the bed-clothes.

So that they actually passed him by unnoticed.

Toro had weighty business on hand, and knowing that it would require all his strength, nerve, and presence of mind, he had wisely sought preparation in the arms of Morpheus.

To this accident alone was due the chance of his escaping the notice of the privileged visitors. It was an unfortunate accident for them.

But of this, more anon.

Having made a handsome donation to the funds of the lazaretto, Jack Harkaway and Dick Harvey left the place and returned to the villa.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE TWO GREEK GENTLEMEN.

ONE day Jack Harkaway senior and his friend Dick Harvey were strolling in the vicinity of Tripolitza.

The town lay far behind them, and they were standing on an eminence, looking across to where the blue waters of the Mediterranean glittered in the sunlight.

"Lovely climate, this," remarked Jack, at length, enthusiastically, as the western breeze fanned his forehead.

"Very," replied his companion. "No wonder it produces such fine grapes and olives."

"And poets; remember Greece is celebrated for her poets."

"Ah, yes, we mustn't forget the poets. A fellow can hardly live in a country like this without growing poetical."

"Have you got a touch of that complaint yet?" asked Jack, with a laugh.

"I really think I have, but only slightly. I was attacked with slight symptoms yesterday morning."

"And have you produced a poem yet?"

"I've begun one," returned Dick, dryly, "and that's something."

"Decidedly. How many lines have you written?"

"Only two."

"Two; ha—ha! you'll never make a poet."

"I'm of the same opinion. I've made several attempts, and I find I always stick fast at the third line."

"For want of a rhyme, eh?"

"Yes."

A slight laugh attracted the attention of the speakers.

Looking around, they saw two gentlemen standing at a short distance from them.

The strangers were Greeks, and well dressed. Their features, though dark, were rather pleasant in their expression than otherwise.

They had evidently been listening to the foregoing conversation, and one of them remarked:



"There is something more than rhyme wanted to make poetry."

"Reason, I suppose you mean?" said Jack, laughing in his turn.

"Precisely," returned the gentleman, as he advanced.

"You will pardon our intrusion, Mr. Harkaway," he continued; "since, though strangers to you, you are not entirely unknown to us."

"Indeed!" Jack replied. "I do not remember having had the pleasure of meeting either of you before."

"We have seen you several times in the inn where you are staying."

This was perfectly true; they had been watching them for several days past—why will shortly appear.

"We are both especially fond of the frank, bold, English character, and on that account anxious to be introduced to you."

"No better opportunity than the present," said Jack, as he raised his hat with gentlemanly courtesy. "My friend, Mr. Harvey," he added, as he pointed to Dick.

The strangers shook hands with remarkable cordiality.

"My name is Zavella," continued the gentleman, as the introduction concluded; "that of my companion, Carjani."

"Very happy to make your acquaintance," returned Jack and Dick.

The conversation now flowed freely.

"You like our country then?" said Zavella.

"Extremely," answered Jack Harkaway; "it is impossible to dislike it."

"Have you seen any of its noted places as yet?" asked Carjani.

"Oh, yes, my friend Harvey and I have a knack of seeing pretty well everything there is to be seen."

"And hearing everything that is to be heard—eh?"

This seemed rather a strange remark, and Jack looked at the gentleman who had made it inquiringly.

"I see my question puzzles you," he said, with a smile; "but I was alluding to a wonderful echo that we have here."

"Echo! where is it to be heard?" asked Jack.

"In the Mount Calviero," returned Carjani.

"The name of the mountain is familiar to me—rather unpleasantly so," Jack replied.

"Indeed; how, may I ask?"

"As being the haunt of fierce banditti."

"Oh!" laughed the Greeks, carelessly; "that is only a traveller's tale; there are no brigands there now."

"What, then, has the government exterminated them?" inquired Dick Harvey.

"Not entirely, only driven them to another quarter."

"I see. But this echo—is it very extraordinary?" asked Jack, whose curiosity was excited.

"Most marvelous," answered Zavella; "there is one particular spot in the mountain where it repeats a shout or the report of a pistol twenty times distinctly."

Jack and Dick looked at each other in astonishment.

"That is the most extensive echo I ever heard of," said the former at length.

"It is a fact, I assure you. And few visit this locality without going to hear it."

"I should like to hear it very much myself," exclaimed Jack eagerly.

"So should I," said Dick Harvey; "is it far from here?"

"About a league," replied Carjani.

"In what direction does it lie?"

"Northward," Zavella explained, as he pointed across the country. "But if you and your friend feel disposed to visit the mount, we shall be most happy to accompany you and show the way."

"You are very kind. What say you, Dick?"

"I should like nothing better; but—"

"But what?"

"I was thinking of the dinner; we ordered it at—"

"Oh, never mind that, it can wait."

"Yes, but I can't. The air has given me a most tremendous appetite," said Dick, caressing his stomach in a soothing manner.

"I am happy to say that I can give you something to appease your craving," replied Zavella.

As he spoke, he unstrung from his shoulder a leather bag such as a travelling pedestrian might carry. This he quickly opened.

"Eat," he said, as he opened a packet of sandwiches.

"Drink," he exclaimed, as he uncorked a flask of Greek wine.

"But we shall be robbing you of your lunch," exclaimed Jack and Dick Harvey.

"Not at all," returned the gentlemen, heartily, adding with a laugh, "some day perhaps we may return the compliment by robbing you in a similar manner."

It was impossible to refuse what was offered so willingly, and in so cheerful and jocular a manner.

So unbuckling the straps that supported their revolvers from their waists, to assist digestion, they placed them on the grass at their sides and sat down to their meal, and in a very short time the sandwiches and wine were disposed of, much to the inward comfort of the Englishmen.

The brief repast being over, Zavella said, as he took up his wallet:

"There, now you will have strength for your journey, if you feel inclined to take it."

"I do," said Jack.

"And I," joined in Dick Harvey, heartily; "I wouldn't miss the echo on any account."

The journey being decided upon, they started again.

During the walk the Greeks took care to keep their companions engaged.

They pointed out every object of interest on the road, and narrated the circumstances connected with each.

This made the time pass rapidly, and Jack and Dick were quite surprised when they found themselves at the foot of the hills.

The bright, smiling appearance of the scene had faded into a cold sternness.

Before them lay the mountains, grand and imposing in their massive outline, but rugged and somewhat depressing in their solitary aspect.

Along the rocky path they proceeded.

"Is this echo far amongst the rocks?" asked Jack Harkaway, as they proceeded.

"Not far," answered the guides briefly.

Jack fancied the tone of their voices was less courteous, and their manner of speaking more abrupt than it had been.

Twice he had observed them whispering together.

"I say, Dick," he said at length to his comrade, as they went along, "I've a slight suspicion."

"Suspicion!" Dick echoed; "of whom?"

"Our two courteous friends ahead," replied Mr. Harkaway.

"Oh, impossible!"

"Nothing's impossible, my dear fellow."

"But I think you're mistaken; such gentlemanly, generous fellows—"

"They might have had a motive for their generosity. Remember, we're in Greece."

"But what makes you suspect these gentlemen? Have you any reason?"

"My reasons for suspicion are slight, certainly—hardly perhaps deserving the name—but still they are suspicions."

"Well, anyhow, we have our revolvers," remarked Dick; "and after the rubs we've had in our time, I rather fancy we're a match for a couple of Greeks."

"I should hope so, or a couple of dozen either, for that matter," laughed Jack; "and so—"

Whatever else Mr. Harkaway was about to remark, was abruptly interrupted by the voice of Carjani.

"We're very near the echo now," he called back over his shoulder.

Almost immediately after they branched off into a narrow defile, from which they abruptly emerged into an open space, a sort of amphitheater cut out by the hand of nature in the rocks.

"Here we are at last," exclaimed the guides.

The two Englishmen gazed around them with some curiosity.

On all sides save where the defile severed them like a deep gash, the mountains rose in a steep slope, with rough, irregular projections dotting their sides like huge warts.

Here and there were dark recesses that seemed to suggest caverns within their yawning jaws.

After contemplating the scene for some little time, Dick Harvey remarked:

"It looks a likely place for an echo."

"Yes," replied Jack; "let's hear what it's like."

As he spoke he uttered a loud halloo.

But the echo did not reply once.

"What's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed.

"Perhaps the echo isn't in a good humor today," suggested Dick; "try again."

Again Jack's voice rang out through the thin air.

Still no echo.

He turned towards the spot where the Greek gentlemen had been standing.

They had disappeared.

"Where the devil are they gone?" he cried.

He was answered by a mocking laugh.

And the next moment a gigantic form of hideous aspect appeared on a projecting rock.

"You are coming to listen to the echoes," exclaimed the giant in a harsh, grating tone; "ha-ha! you will hear none but the echoes of your own death shrieks!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF MRS. MOLE—A PAIR OF BLACK KIDS.

"THIS is really the happiest moment of my life," exclaimed Mr. Mole, as he entered the lodgings that had been prepared for him in the main street of a little Greek town.

"Indeed, sir!" said young Jack; "then you have a still greater happiness to come."

"Indeed, my boy! What is that?"

"The joy and happiness of meeting Mrs. Mole once more."

"Yes, I shall indeed be delighted."

But Mr. Mole's countenance did not appear very expressive of delight.

"The fact is, my dear young pupil, my public duties as adviser and chief director of our expedition had effaced all recollection of Mrs. Mole from my mind for the moment."

"Well, had you not better run down to dad's place and see her, sir?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said one of the sailors, who had brought up Mole's luggage, and who had been stationed near enough to hear part of the talk, "but your good lady ain't to be found."

"Where is she, then?"

"Shiver my timbers if I knows!"

"Man, do you mean to insult me?"

"As how, axin' your pardon, sir?"

"By that indecent and insolent allusion to the splintering of wood. Why, man, my timbers have been shivered to atoms more than once, and I assure you the operation is too unpleasant to form the subject of a jest or a profane oath."

The seaman went away, and the professor continued:

"As my wife is not here, I think the best—in fact, the only—thing we can do is to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit till she returns."

"All serene," was Jack's response.

"I abominate slang phrases, Jack; but—"

"But, Mr. Mole, don't you think it would be as well to inquire where Mrs. Mole is gone?"

"Ah! perhaps so."

Young Jack ran to his own home, which was not far off, and soon gained the following important items of information:

First, that the noble house of Mole was expected to receive a material addition.

Second, that Mrs. Mole had gone to the house of an English nurse.

Third, the address of the person with whom she was at present located.

Mole himself regretted that he was unable to search for his wife, and then he retired to try a new bottle of rum.

Young Jack and his constant friend, Harry Girdwood, sat down to concoct what the former called "a jolly lark with old Mole."

Mr. Mole took little or no trouble to find his wife's residence, and the elder members of the party, guessing that the youngsters were up to some game, did not enlighten him.

However, two days afterwards, Mole found a mysterious-looking letter on his table.

"Now, who could have written this?" said he.

"I don't know the hand, and yet I suppose there are no English here except our party."

"The best plan would be to open it, sir," said Jack; "then you can see who it is from."

Mr. Mole broke the seal, and read as follows:

"SIR.—Your conduct lately has had a very ill effect, both physically and mentally on your wife, who at present is undecided whether to return or inflict on you the heaviest vengeance human hatred is capable of."

"You had best see her, and endeavor to calm her mind. If you decide on this course, you must go at once, *by yourself*, to the three palm trees behind the town. The moment you reach them, you must bandage your eyes and wait. If your fail to do this, dread

"VENGEANCE."

"What an extraordinary epistle!" exclaimed Mole. "But I suppose I must go, or Heaven only knows what will happen."

He hesitated a minute, and then set off.

He reached the spot, and waited in fear and trembling.

Ten minutes—half an hour elapsed, and no sound was heard.



Mole got more uneasy each moment.

"I begin to think the confounded brigands are at the bottom of this adventure," he muttered. "No doubt their spies told them Mrs. Mole was on shore, so they knew how to work on my feelings as a husband and—ahem! a father."

A pause, and a slight application to his bottle.

"Under these circumstances, I have a great mind to go home. Of course I shall be very sorry to leave poor Mrs. M., perhaps in the hands of the villains, but black wives abound on these continents, while the whole world contains but one Mole."

He had just finished his soliloquy and his second sip of rum, when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a gruff voice, which Mole fancied he had heard before, said:

"Move not on your life; make only an attempt to turn your head and you are a dead man."

The next moment Mole found a bandage bound tightly over his eyes.

Then the voice repeated:

"The Herr Professor back will not go, surely?"

"Heaven and earth! Have the—the Greek brigands enlisted German soldiers?"

"No, surely not; but get up and come."

"Was it you wrote the letter to me?"

"Without doubt, Herr Professor."

Mole then, with a little help, managed to get upon his wooden pins.

To his great surprise, another hand then grasped his other arm, while a shrill, feminine voice, said:

"Well, we have caught him nicely, Dr. Frankenstein."

"Frankenstein!" exclaimed Mole. "Frankenstein on my right hand, and—who knows?—perhaps the monster on my left? Oh, dear me, if ever I get back to England, you don't catch me leaving it again in a hurry."

"Silence, Herr Professor, or I your mouth will gag with my knife."

"I'm in the hands of brigands, to a certainty," thought poor old Mole; "but I must rescue Mrs. Mole from the villains."

"What are you going to do with me, brigands?" he asked, after they had walked some distance.

"We shall introduce you to some people whom you have not seen yet. But be silent."

They led him onwards till he perspired.

"Up one step, Herr Professor—that is it. Now halt, and we will take the bandage off your eyes."

Mole stumbled up the step, his captors turned him about two or three times, and then pulled away the handkerchief that covered his optics.

Mr. Mole stared and blinked, and saw—with-in three inches of his nose—a large brass door knocker.

"What the deuce is this?" he demanded, turning to his conductors, who laughed loudly.

Mr. Mole rubbed his eyes, for at first he could scarcely believe them.

A second look, however, convinced him that his captors were none other than young Jack and Harry Girdwood.

"A pair of young villains!" the angry professor exclaimed, as he lifted his fist, and smote Harry on the head.

"Gently, professor," said Jack, jerking a string he had attached to Mole's left prop. "Don't you see the instructions?"

"Bother the instructions! You said you were going to introduce me to some people."

"Behold them!"

Jack, as he spoke, pointed to the door, where, just below the knocker, two kid gloves were displayed.

The gloves were the blackest that could be procured, and were numbered "One—Two."

Beneath was a card, inscribed with the words:

"Knock gently."

"That applies to me, sir, as well as the—kids," remarked Harry Girdwood, rubbing his head.

"My dear boy," said Mole, savagely, "if I only had you under my sole charge, I'd apply something else to you."

"Shall I knock gently, sir?" asked Jack.

"You may tap at the door if you like, but I don't know why you have brought me here."

"To see Mrs. M—"

"And two black kids," interposed Harry, pointing to the gloves.

"Though I hate slang, I think I may venture to make the vulgar remark that you have been 'kidding me,' pretty successfully," said Mole.

Young Jack's furious attack on the knocker soon brought a response.

The door was hastily opened by a hard-featured woman of middle age.

"Wha may ye be waitin' for?" she asked, in the broadest Scotch accent.

"My good woman, do you live here?"

"I dinna live in ony ither place."

"Here is money for you."

"I dinna tak' siller for tellin' folk whaur I live, but if there is onything else I can do for ye, maybe I may then condescend to tak' yer siller."

"I wish to know if Mrs. Mole lives here?"

"She does," replied the woman.

And having given our readers a specimen of her dialect, we shall for the remainder of the chapter put her words in a form which will be intelligible to all.

"May I be shown to her apartment?"

"Mercy on me, my good man! where are your notions of decency! Shown to a lady's room, indeed!"

"But Mrs. Mole is my wife."

"I don't believe it; the poor soul said many times that her husband was a very handsome man."

"It is true. My dear Jack, won't you tell this good lady that I am speaking nothing but the truth?"

"This is certainly Mr. Mole," said young Jack. "He was my father's tutor, and is mine now, and considered by the ladies a very handsome man."

"Well, I suppose it is all right. Come into the hall."

Mole entered.

"And are you thinking to go up stairs with those wooden legs?" asked the strong-minded woman.

"Well, my dear lady," said Mole, "you would not expect me to go up stairs without them."

"Hold your tongue, and sit down on that chair," said the Scottish woman, pointing to a bamboo structure just inside the door.

The woman's manner was so imperious that poor Mole felt afraid to disobey her command.

Mrs. Cameron then produced several pieces of waste canvass and a ball of twine, and went down on her knees.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Put out your right foot," she said.

"What for?"

"What for, you great gawk? Do you think you're going to stomp up stairs and down stairs like a two-legged donkey? No, you must have your feet muffled, so as to make no noise."

He was an unresisting captive, was poor old Mole, and in a very short time his strong-minded female captor had ornamented each stump with a bundle of rags like a great poultice.

"Why, Mr. Mole, you look as if you had the gout," exclaimed young Jack.

"Master Harkaway, I think my age, my position, and my numerous misfortunes should protect me from your ribaldry."

"All right. Here, let me give you a lift up stairs; now then, Harry."

Between the two boys, and with the strong-minded Scotch woman pushing behind, Mole was hoisted up to a large room on the first floor.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Cameron, as she placed a chair for Mole, seating him with his back towards a curtain which hung entirely across one end of the room.

"But where is my poor wife?" asked Mole in a whisper.

"Ah! poor dear creature," responded Mrs. Cameron in the same low tones; "I must go and see if she is still alive."

Mrs. Cameron then disappeared behind the curtain.

Minute after minute passed.

Mole's face expressed the greatest anxiety, while the boys seemed scarcely able to restrain their laughter.

"I wonder—" the old man began.

"Hush!" said Jack; and Mole, in order to keep his tongue between his teeth, placed the neck of his flask in his mouth; but he was not kept long in suspense, for at that precise moment, Mrs. Cameron returned.

"Now, sir, behold with joy what I have for you. Look at the pretty little dears, the sweet little chicksy-wicksies."

Mole turned pale as he perceived that on either arm the nurse carried a black baby not many hours old.

"Good Heaven!" cried Mole, "this is too much. What is the meaning of it?"

And he started back, the few hairs on his head standing erect.

"The meaning of this!" ejaculated Mrs. Cameron. "Why, the man is mad. Mr. Mole, do you mean to deny your own offsprings?"

"No—no—no," cried Mole; "but this is more than I expected. Are you sure there are no more?"

"No more? Why, the man's never satisfied. There, just kiss 'em, will you?" said Mrs. Cameron.

Mole placed his rum-smelling lips to the infants' with about as much pleasantness as if they had been a brace of black bull-frogs.

Then he said:

"Whatever shall I do with them? Do take the little wretches—no, I mean the dear little babes away, or they will cry, and I hate squalling children."

"Monster! ungrateful father!" cried the old woman.

"Where is my wife?"

"Never you mind about your wife; sit down and pay attention to me."

Mole obeyed.

Mrs. Cameron placed the children in a cradle behind their parent's back, and then drew a chair to his side.

"Dear me, I never was so worried to death in all my born days!" exclaimed the woman.

"I am very sorr—"

"You ought to be proud. But just give me my bottle of medicine, will you? I must take it regular, or else my spasms comes on awful."

Mole handed the good lady a bottle duly labelled—

"The draught to be taken every half hour."

Mrs. Cameron uncorked the phial.

"Is it good for the nerves?" asked Mole.

"Yes; I'm but a poor, weak woman, and require a deal of keeping up."

Then after a pause, she added:

"I wish to talk to you; the fact is, I don't think Mrs. Mole will live long, and I can't think what made a fine, handsome chap like you go and marry a black woman."

Mole sighed.

"After all," he said, "she has been a good wife to me."

"That's her artfulness. She was afraid you'd get a divorce in America, or some of them outlandish places as you've been to; mark my words, you'll have a divorce very soon."

"Woman!" exclaimed Mr. Mole, loftily; "what do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, the poor dear ain't long for this world."

"Not long for—"

"It's true; I never see death on anybody's face so plain as hers."

"Death! Good Heaven, if my wife dies, what will become of those helpless infants? But I beg pardon, half an hour has not elapsed."

This last remark was called forth by the fact that Mrs. Cameron had again uncorked her medicine phial.

"Half an hour. Well, I know that. Sometimes I require it every quarter of an hour; but I will tell you what to do with the black kids. Bring them up by hand, with a bottle," said the nurse, as in a fit of abstraction she handed her own bottle to Mole, who in an equally abstracted manner placed it to his lips.

"Yes, that is good; bring 'em up with a bottle, and when they are old, they will not depart from it."

"Capital! excellent idea—medicine, I mean," said old Mole, smacking his lips.

We may as well explain at once that the medicine the nurse found so necessary was nothing more nor less than good old navy rum.

So no wonder old Mole praised it.

"But, good Lord, Mr. Mole," said the nurse, snatching the bottle out of Mole's hand, "there ain't much fear but what a fine, handsome man like you would soon get another wife—a white one, I mean."

"No," said Mole; "if my wife should die, I will not marry again. Who would have me, I should like to know, with two wooden legs and two black babies?"

"Why, you need not look far for someone," cried the old woman, sighing.

"I don't understand you."

"Why, Mr. Mole, how dull you are! You ain't half such a gallant young man as I thought."

"I believe the woman is mad!" exclaimed Mole, rising.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Cameron, giving him a good tap on the head with a hearth brush.

"Knock gently," said the two boys and Mole simultaneously.

"You are such an old teaser, Mr. Mole; but I didn't mean to hurt you, so sit down and take another dose out of my medicine bottle."

To this Mole readily agreed.

Young Jack and Harry Girdwood were all this time close by the cradle in which the black babies were slumbering.

Mrs. Cameron continued:

"You know, Mr. Mole, I am a poor, lone widow—not bad-looking, perhaps, and I shouldn't mind changing my state."



"You certainly have my permission to do so, my good woman."

"Ah, you are an old teaser, Mr. Mole. What I mean is—you know—I should like to change my name to—"

"It's changing to white!" exclaimed young Harry Girdwood.

Mole and the nurse looked around hastily.

Both boys were still by the cradle, apparently thinking of nothing but the babies.

"Harry, what is the matter?"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Mole, but one of these babies is certainly changing its color. It is nearly white."

"One of my babies turning white! Dear me, so it is," said Mr. Mole and the nurse, as they staggered to the cradle, the old woman putting her arms around the professor to support him, or herself.

The fact is, young Jack had discovered some violet powder, which he had gently applied to the infant's face, thus turning it from black to light brown.

But Mole and the nurse were both too fuddled to think of such a trick; so after remarking that it was a wonderful freak of nature, they returned to their seats.

There was a pause for a few minutes, then Mrs. Cameron, having taken another dose of her medicine, and given Mr. Mole his dose, said:

"Mr. Mole, you know what I mean. If your wife dies, you must marry me. I adore you."

"Impossible—oh!"

The interjection was the result of another smart application of the hearth-brush from the nurse.

"Sit down, and don't be a silly old teaser."

Mole, who was thoroughly frightened, obeyed, and received another tap to remind him that he must not rise without permission.

"Oh—oh! knock gently."

"Now, Mr. Mole, take another dose, there is a good man; and, tell me when is the happy day to be?"

"I—I can't marry you before my present wife is dead," said Mole.

"Of course not, my dear, but I doubt if she will last through many days."

"And then?"

"And then, of course, there is the funeral. What do you say, my dear Mole, to the second day after the funeral?"

"Don't you—you don't think it's—it's just a little too soon?" cried Mole, trying to rise from his seat.

"Not a bit," said the nurse, as her hand wandered towards the hearth-broom again.

Mole noticed the movement, and exclaimed:

"Well, then, Mrs. — my dear, I mean, let it be as you wish."

"You darling old chap, why did you not say so before? But, you old rascal, you left me to do all the courting, you did, you old teaser!"

And Mrs. Cameron first gave Mole a sharp tap on the head with the brush, and threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him in a way that fairly astonished not only him, but his two young pupils.

We are also inclined to think that some one else was just a little bit astonished.

At all events, a voice that hitherto had not been heard, began now to take part in the conversation.

"Isaac Mole—Isaac Mole—Isaac Mole!" it said, "if you marries dat white woman, my ghost shall haunt yer!"

The old nurse did not hear the voice, but stood looking lovingly at Mole.

Poor Mole turned, and to his great astonishment, beheld the countenance of his black wife looking from the curtains at the end of the room.

"Oh, horror!" cried Mole, starting up; "distraction! My mind will give way; what a terrible situation to be placed in—a white woman who will marry me against my wish, and the ghost of my black wife to haunt me, and two blessed black infants to bring up by the bottle! Oh, it is too much!" and poor Mole threw himself against the door, tearing the few hairs from his head in despair.

"Oh, Mr. Mole, Mr. Mole! you cruel villain, you will be hanged," cried Mrs. Mole, shaking her head between the bed curtains.

Mole stretched out his hand, saying:

"My dear, I didn't know you were there."

"I am here, Isaac, but I'm gwine to die. You false man to make lub to dat 'ere—oh—oh—oh!" and Mrs. Mole fell down in a fit of hysterics.

Mrs. Cameron was by this time half seas over; however, she managed to attend to Mrs. Mole, and got her to bed again, where she lay feebly moaning, and occasionally muttering a threat to haunt her husband after death.

At length these sounds ceased altogether, and

Mrs. Cameron, who had "pulled herself together" a little, exclaimed:

"I think she is dead!"

Mole was in a very maudlin condition, and the boys got him away to a little hotel near at hand.

The old nurse also was taken care of, and some one sent to attend to Mole's poor black wife.

"It's rather a sad ending, Harry," said young Jack.

"Yes. I wonder what Mole will do?"

"Have some more rum, of course."

## CHAPTER XII.

### A TOUGH FIGHT.

We left Harkaway in the power of the brigands. At least so it seemed, for instantly, from one of the chasms among the rocks sprang forth four equally hideous-looking ruffians, armed with ugly knives, and stood before the travelers.

There was now no mistaking the object for which they had been lured to that quiet, out-of-the-way spot.

Jack Harkaway's keen instinct had not been at fault.

He had been right in his suspicions.

The two gentlemanly Greeks, Zavella and Sarjani, were nothing more than men-trappers.

The treacherous guides did not reappear.

Having trapped the game, they left their comrades to hack it to pieces, while they went to hunt for more.

The two Englishmen, thus ensnared, looked sternly at the ruffianly crew before them.

But each had passed through too many hair-breadth escapes, and fought too many hard battles, to quail in the slightest.

They were more incensed at their position than intimidated.

The first thing they did was to snatch their revolvers from their belts, and cock them.

"Now, you vagabonds," cried Jack, addressing himself not only to the men, but also to the giant on the rock, who was evidently their chief; "if you do not instantly crawl back into your burrows as quickly as you came out, in less than ten seconds not one of you will be alive."

At this imperative threat the ruffians laughed hoarsely.

"Upon them! bind them hand and foot!" shouted their captain, whose name was Mavrocordato.

Jack Harkaway pointed his revolver deliberately at his head.

"Recall that order, or I fire!" he cried.

"Ha—ha—ha!" laughed the chief, mockingly.

"I fear you not; seize them!"

Jack instantly pulled the trigger of his weapon.

But no report followed.

The ruffians jeered loudly.

"I'll stop your laughing, you ugly brutes," thought Dick Harvey, as he also pulled his trigger.

But with no better effect.

Neither of the revolvers would fire.

But there was a good reason for this.

The polite Greek gentleman had very cleverly removed all the caps from the nipples whilst their guests were eating their lunch.

The things as firearms were perfectly useless.

The position of their owners was now somewhat desperate.

"Upon them!" shouted Mavrocordato to his men.

The ruffians rushed forward.

"Go in, Dick, tooth and nail; it's our only chance," cried old Jack, as he gave the foremost of the party a smashing blow with the handle of his revolver.

"Trust me," responded Dick, fervently, as he imitated his comrade's example, and almost split one of the brigand's thick skulls.

The ruffians slashed away like furies with their long, crooked dirks.

But their opponents had planted themselves with their backs against the rocks.

And both being good swordsmen, they were able to ward off their attacks.

Our English heroes were not even scratched, whilst the brigands had already received some ugly knocks.

This work was too slow for their leader.

It irritated him.

"Ascend the rocks, one of you, and crush them with stones from above," he shouted, fiercely.

One of the banditti obeyed this order.

But Jack and Dick, not wishing to be crushed in this wholesale way, removed from their post, just as a huge mass came crashing down where a moment before they had been standing.

This was exactly what the chief desired.

"Now," he shouted, "make short work of those Inglese."

But he did not know the sort of customers he had to deal with.

Driven from the rocks, the Inglese placed themselves back to back.

They had now two dirks that they had wrenched from the hands of the brigands.

And with these they resisted the combined attacks of their four adversaries.

Mavrocordato grew more and more enraged as he watched the futile efforts of his myrmidons to beat down the Englishmen.

Again the whistle was applied to his lips.

Two more of the band answered the summons and joined their comrades.

Jack and Dick Harvey had warmed to their work, and they warmed the brigands in return.

The ruffians were battered severely.

The chief began to swear (in Greek.)

"Down with the dogs!" he shouted.

The men were also furious at the blows they had received.

And now that two more were added to their number, they yelled like demons, and fought like tiger cats.

And, at length, Jack and his companion, although their pluck was still unabated, began to show symptoms of exhaustion.

Dick Harvey, too, had received an ugly thrust in the arm, and the loss of blood made him feel faint.

The brigand chief, whose eyes had eagerly watched the strife, noticed this.

"Lay, on, Vulpiotti; lay on, Cazzaro," he cried, exultingly; "they're giving way."

"It's a lie, you cowardly ruffian; we're not," shouted Jack, as he rammed the butt end of his revolver between Vulpiotti's gaping jaws, and half way down his throat.

At this moment, Dick Harvey said to him, in a hurried whisper—

"We must make a rush for it. I sha'n't be able to keep on my legs much longer."

"All right, Dick, my boy," returned Jack, cheerfully, "here goes, then; neck or nothing."

As he spoke, he rushed in among the ruffian throng, scattering them right and left.

Their knives flashed around him, but he heeded them no more than so many bodkins.

Just then, Dick Harvey, in an effort to follow him, staggered and fell.

Jack was at his side in an instant.

So were his foes.

And taking advantage of this momentary distraction, they threw themselves upon him, and bore him to the ground.

The next moment, he and his wounded comrade were bound hand and foot with ropes.

Utterly helpless.

Mavrocordato shouted triumphantly, and advanced towards them.

"So," he grinned, derisively, as he looked down upon his fettered captives, "you are knocked off your feet at last."

Old Jack was in a tremendous rage.

"You do well to insult us now, you hulking, cowardly hound!" he cried, furiously; "you who dared not strike a blow yourself!"

The tone of bitter contempt in which these words were spoken irritated the brigand chief.

"What is that you say?" he demanded sternly.

"That you're as cowardly as you're high!" foamed Jack.

"Ha! you dare to call me a coward, me, Mavrocordato?"

"Yes, I dare! If you are not a coward, loose my hands and feet, and fight me man to man."

"I would," replied the bandit, "if I did not expect to get more by your life than your death."

"Not you," sneered Jack, regardless of consequences; "you're afraid. I tell you so before your band."

A terrible oath burst from the bandit.

"Soul of my father!" he shouted, as he clutched his sword; "he says I'm afraid!"

"Yes, and a coward!" thundered Jack. "If not, prove it."

"I will prove it, to your cost," exclaimed the chief.

Turning to his followers, he said:

"Untie the ropes of that English dog!"

In an instant the order was obeyed.

Jack Harkaway sprang to his feet, ready for the fight.

But Jack was unarmed, while the brigand held a drawn saber in his hand.

"I warn you beforehand that I shall kill you," he said.

"If you're not killed yourself first, I suppose you mean," retorted Jack, sarcastically.

"Ha-ha!" laughed the chief, in a mocking



tone. "If you are able to beat me, I promise you your life and freedom."

"And my friend?" asked our hero.

"And your friend's, too," was the answer.

"Then consider yourself beaten," replied Jack, with perfect confidence.

"Give the hound a sword," cried the brigand chief.

"Anything you like; only don't waste time. Give me a weapon."

At a signal from the bandit, a saber was placed in Jack's hand.

It was little more than half the length of the formidable weapon wielded by the bandit chief. But what of that?

Jack inwardly exulted as he grasped it.

He was a splendid swordsman, and felt confident of victory.

"Now, you ruffian, on guard!" he cried.

The weapons crossed.

From the enormous height and bulk of his opponent, our hero looked quite small in comparison.

Mavrocordato was not a pure Greek.

He was of Austrian extraction.

But he had lived many years on Greek soil, and had become naturalized, although he was indebted to a Bohemian father for his gigantic stature and massive limbs.

It was evident he reckoned upon making his English opponent an easy prey.

Little did he dream of his skill in whose hand he had ordered a sword to be placed.

Had he had the slightest suspicion of the truth, Jack Harkaway would have been still lying bound and helpless on the ground.

The combat commenced.

The brigand attacked fiercely, with heavy, sweeping blows.

Jack, laughing to himself, turned them aside as lightly as feathers.

Mavrocordato was surprised and not a little irritated at the small effect he had produced with so much exertion.

He redoubled his efforts, but could not touch his strong-wristed, quick-eyed adversary.

Presently he received a deep wound in his brawny arm.

He uttered a yell of pain as he felt the keen steel, and slashed away more furiously than ever.

"Ha-ha!" said Jack, "how liked you that thrust in the arm? Look out, for the next shall be your cheek."

Suddenly the brigand received a terrific cut across his cheek.

He had already lost half his nose and an ear in former conflicts.

But this last wound drove him mad.

He howled like a wild beast.

His weapon whizzed through the air with sharp hisses.

But he struck nothing else, while Jack's sword once more took effect upon his wrist.

No longer able to wield his weapon with one hand, he grasped it in both, and breathing forth bitter maledictions, he pursued his nimble opponent, who led him a dance around the rocky arena, to the great wonder of his myrmidons, who stood looking on.

But the gigantic ruffian, with all his strength, began to feel the effects of his wounds, from which the blood trickled freely.

He was rapidly becoming what is called "groggy."

He staggered and struck wildly and at random.

Jack Harkaway, on the contrary, was almost as fresh as when he commenced.

But he had to keep his eyes pretty sharply open to avoid a chance blow, one of which would have been more than sufficient to cleave his skull in twain.

Suddenly, with a final and desperate effort, Mavrocordato rushed in upon his foe.

Down came his weapon with crushing force.

It was his last blow, for Jack caught it on his sword, almost close to the hilt, and by a swift turn of his wrist, jerked the giant's weapon from his grasp.

The latter, exhausted with this last outburst, toppled over like an uprooted oak, and fell with a dull crash to the ground.

"Yield, ruffian," cried Jack, as he sprang towards him, and pointed his sword at his throat, feeling strongly inclined to put an end to his atrocities, and his life together.

But prudence restrained him, and he contented himself with saying—

"You are beaten, as I told you you would be, and I claim life and freedom for myself and friend."

"Bravo, Jack," murmured Dick Harvey, who

had come to himself, though he had no power to render any help.

"Yes, yes, you shall have both," gasped the bandit, as he felt the sharp steel tickling his windpipe; "you are free."

Jack Harkaway sprang to his comrade, and knelt down to sever the cords that bound him.

But ere he could accomplish this, a noose was thrown over his shoulders and drawn tightly, whilst he himself was borne to the ground.

The treacherous Mavrocordato had given a signal he had not observed.

To his dismay he found himself once more a prisoner.

"Coward, liar, scoundrel!" burst from Jack Harkaway's lips, "you shall repent this."

"You shall repent it," growled the bandit. "A rope, quick!"

A rope was instantly brought.

Quickly it encircled the neck of Jack Harkaway.

At sight of his friend's peril, Dick Harvey burst into a paroxysm of indignant horror.

"Hold, you murderous wretches!" he shouted, desperately; "what would you do?"

"Hang your comrade first, and you afterwards," was the startling reply.

All appeal was thrown away.

Jack was dragged to the rock, and one end of the rope passed through a strong iron ring.

It was an awful crisis.

"Now," cried the brigand chief, "you shall die like a dog."

But ere the fatal deed could be accomplished, a loud shout was heard.

The next moment, a party of friends came hurrying along the narrow defile, and dashed into the arena.

These consisted of Jefferson, the American, and his staunch friend, Brand, the dwarf, closely followed by young Jack Harkaway, and Nero, the monkey.

In an instant Jack and the sagacious animal had unbound his father and Dick Harvey.

Jefferson, who was a host in himself, and who rivalled the brigand chief in bulk, strode forward like a young Colossus, his six-barrelled revolver in his hand.

"Tarnal thunder!" he exclaimed; "what sort of an echo do you call this?"

There was no answer.

The treacherous guides who had lured them to the mountains, as they had previously done their companions, had again disappeared.

"There are no echoes here but the echoes of treachery," replied Harkaway, at length; "this is a nest of murderers, and your arrival has saved our necks from the halter. There is their leader."

As he spoke, he pointed to Mavrocordato, who made a desperate effort to escape, but the American was down upon him in an instant.

"Not so fast, you black rascal!" he shouted, as he seized him and dragged him back.

The bandit once more fell crashing to the earth.

Jefferson set his foot upon his breast.

"Now, if you stir an inch, or move an eye-lid, by Goliath, I'll crush you into immortal smash!" he cried.

Jack Harkaway's voice echoed his.

"Let us seize those murderous vagabonds!" he shouted.

In an instant the ruffianly crew who stood looking on in a bewildered manner, were seized and bound by Jack and Dick Harvey, and Brand the dwarf.

Young Jack, who was very expert at tying knots, assisted, while Nero, the monkey, amused himself by making gridirons on the ugly faces of the brigands, and pulling out handfuls of their hair and beards.

In the meantime the American giant had pinioned the arms of the burly Mavrocordato with a strong leathern belt he wore.

"I hardly know what to do with you," he said, as he flourished his revolver in ominous proximity to the bandit's head; "I feel strongly inclined to save all further anxiety on your account by giving you at once the contents of this."

Jack Harkaway suggested:

"Better not take the law into our own hands. Let justice have her due."

"But is there any justice to be found in Greece?" asked Jefferson.

"I think so in this case."

"Very well, then; I spare him," said the American; "shooting is too good for him. A bullet for a brave man—for a cowardly cur—a rope!"

"Bring 'em along!" cried Harkaway.

"Get up, Hercules!" exclaimed Jefferson, ironically, as he dragged the brigand to his feet.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to thrash these fellows over the mountains with a rope's end before you give them up to justice?" suggested young Jack, playfully.

"Capital!" cried the American giant, with a stentorian laugh, in which all joined, except the prisoners.

Some ropes were quickly knotted by Jack, in a decidedly sailor-like fashion.

"I think they'll do," he remarked.

"Let's try," said Jefferson, as he took one and gave his prisoner several slashing cuts with it across his shoulders.

Mavrocordato howled like a wild cat in a steel trap.

"If they're all like that, they'll do capitally," replied the American, coolly; "there's real grit in 'em, and no mistake."

"And now drive the ruffians on," said Jack Harkaway.

"We're ready."

"I say, dad," called out young Jack, "I vote we turn over old Blunderbore"—this was a nickname for the bandit leader—"to Nero; he'll stick to him."

"By all means," replied his father.

"Here, Nero, look after this black thief," cried our young hero, as he pointed out the burly ruffian to the monkey, and placed a knotted rope in his paw at the same time.

Nero perfectly understood the order, and proceeded to look after his charge at once.

With this intent the animal scrambled up the giant's back, and perched himself on his shoulders, grinning with delight, and whacking away at his head with the knotted rope.

Being pinioned, the bandit could not dislodge him, and furious with pain, he darted off along the rocks with heavy, lumbering steps, like those of an elephant, swearing and howling with pain.

The rest of the gang, with a rope's end apiece falling hard upon their backs, followed, also swearing and yelling.

In this way, the band of marauders was driven like a drove of wild bullocks into the town.

They were safely lodged in prison, and shortly afterwards received the reward of their merits.

From that time forward there was no more talk about the echoes of Mount Calviero.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE FUNERAL.

THE boys had not gone very far on their way home, when they saw two gentlemen in English dress approaching.

"Hurrah!" shouted young Jack. "Here's my dad and Uncle Dick."

"Mr. Harvey is not your uncle."

"What's the odds so long as you are happy? If he's not my uncle, he is a great deal better than a bad second cousin."

The two boys raced forward, and quickly informed their seniors of the supposed death of Mrs. Mole.

"Rather a serious matter," said Harkaway, senior. "Hadn't we better look up old Mole, Dick?"

"That's no use, governor. He's three sheets in the wind now," said young Jack.

"Perhaps," said Harvey, "we had better go to the house, and if Mrs. Mole is dead, make arrangements for giving her a decent funeral."

"Quite right, Dick. Come along."

Accompanied by the two boys, they proceeded to the house of Mrs. Cameron, and, as a knock at the door elicited no response, they did not scruple to enter and ascend to the first floor.

There they found Mrs. Cameron asleep on the floor, with her medicine bottle empty by her side, and to their intense surprise, Mrs. Mole, whom they supposed dead, dressed, and to all appearance as well as could be expected.

"Why, the boys told me you had gone to other side of Jordan, Mrs. Mole," said Harvey.

"No, massa; I only hab one fainting fit, an' then git up again to look after Mole."

"Well, I am glad of that. But this woman on the floor?"

"Bin habin' rum, and makin' lub to my Mole; her breff smell of rum like Mole's."

"But even that smells better than Robur, doesn't it, Mrs. Mole?" asked Harvey.

"Dere ain't much difference," said the resuscitated lady.

During this time, the Harkaways, father and son, had been talking together.

"Do you feel well enough to move to my house, Mrs. Mole?" said Harkaway.

"Yes, Harkaway. If you carry one of my beautiful babes, I kin carry toddler, and we goes."

"Thank you, but I'm not much of a nurse; perhaps Mr. Harvey will oblige."



"Mr. Harvey will see you—home, but he declines playing at nurse girls. Harry, my boy, will you?"

Now Harry Girdwood was at all times very anxious to show his gratitude towards those who had rescued him from the depths of misery, so he at once consented to carry one of the twin babies.

So Mrs. Mole, Harkaway, senior, Harvey, and Harry Girdwood set out, leaving young Jack to look after the house and the drunken old nurse, as well as to arrange a continuation of the joke upon old Mole.

After a time young Jack, being satisfied that Mrs. Cameron was in a sleep from which she would not wake for hours, went out into the town and made a few purchases.

When he returned, Mrs. Cameron was still snoring.

"Come along," said Jack, in a loud whisper, and there entered a Greek carpenter carrying a plain coffin.

"Inglese master not bury her," said the man, pointing to the nurse. "She not die yet."

"Serve her right if I did—but no. Put the coffin here, and now help me to fill it."

With the assistance of his new ally, Jack stuffed the coffin with waste paper, old iron, rags and bricks.

"Now screw on the lid."

This was soon done, and having so far completed his arrangements for the funeral, Jack proceeded to call the mourners.

Assuming as mournful an air as possible, he proceeded to Mr. Mole's lodging, and informed him that all was ready.

The old tutor had only half recovered from the effects of the rum, and objected to the haste with which the whole thing had been done.

"Can't be helped, Mr. Mole; I am very sorry of course, but then the authorities insist on it."

"But I have no black clothes, my boy."

"Must get some made afterwards. Come along."

Thus urged, Mole put on his hat.

"Well, but what is to be done with the lovely twins, Jack?" asked Mole.

"Well, sir, that is your business. You are strong, and would look well with one on each arm walking about your native village."

"No—no; I must consult with the strong-minded party, Mrs. Cameron. No doubt she will attend to their little wants for me."

Sunday and Monday were summoned, and the four mourners proceeded to the house where the coffin was.

"Dat a great pity, 'bout de folk up at de cemetery," said Sunday, with a sly wink at Jack.

"Yes, indeed."

"What is that?" demanded Mole.

"Why, sir, I am very sorry to have to add to your grief, but the funeral will have to take place in unconsecrated ground, the deceased not having been a member of the Greek faith. So I have arranged that it shall take place in the garden at the back of the house, where there is a splendid willow tree."

Jack kept on talking till they reached the house, where the Greek carpenter and another native were waiting, together with a very sedate-looking gentleman in blue spectacles, who explained that he was an officer of the government, come to see that the funeral was performed in a proper manner, according to the sanitary regulations of the country.

A few whispered words between this gentleman and young Jack; then the coffin was lifted up by the two negroes and the two Greeks, and conveyed down to the weeping willow tree, where it was decently placed in the earth and covered up.

The government gentleman made an entry in his book, and departed; as did also Jack and all the rest, except Mole, who remained behind to arrange with Mrs. Cameron about the removal of Mrs. Mole's effects, etc., etc.

It was late when Mole reappeared among his friends, and he presented a most decided appearance of having drowned his sorrow in the flowing bowl.

Harkaway, senior, was not present; but Dick Harvey, young Jack, and Harry Girdwood received the disconsolate widower, who, looking rather vacantly, said:

"Goin' to be—hic—married 'gain—hic—to-mor—"

"What?" exclaimed they all.

"Dear friends, sorry Mrs. Mole would die. Leave me two black kids; can't nurse 'em self, goin' to marry old Mac—hic—no, not—hic—Mac. I mean Cameron—nurse."

"It's impossible," said Harry.

"So soon after Mrs. Mole's death, too."

"Not imposs—possible; must be done—hic. Will Harvey nurse my innocent babies? If he's my friend, he will say—hic—'Yes, Mole, dear old friend, I will nurse your dear children, and—hic—bring them—hic—up like a fond—hic—mother.'"

"No—no, Mr. Mole, you have two arms left, and must nurse your blessed babies yourself; besides," continued Harvey, "the Greek priest won't marry you, and there's no Protestant clergyman here."

"Pack of stuff! There's consuls—"

"Quoted at 92 3-8 in the last papers we received," observed Harvey.

"Shurprised at such levity," said Mole, wagging his head gravely. "It's British consul I mean. He can do it or right—legal; every—hic—thing."

And, with this lucid explanation of his meaning, Mole dropped forward on a sofa, and his friends permitted him to go to sleep, which he did instantly, snoring like a bull-frog in convulsions.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### EXECUTION OF MOLE.

"So Mole thinks he is going to be married to-morrow," said Harvey, lighting a fresh cigar. "The old man ought to know better at his time of life, and with such an experience too."

"I believe it's that old nurse; she bullies him fearfully," said Jack, junior, "whacks him if he won't say he loves her."

"Well, we must have some fun out of this, Jack, my boy. Do you know where the British consul lives?" asked Harvey.

Young Jack did not.

"There is no British consul here, Mr. Harvey," said Harry.

"But I've seen the office up in the town, youngster."

"The consulate is removed to Syra now, sir; they left their old plate on the door though."

"Oho—Jack, a word in your ear."

Harvey whispered for some time, then Harry Girdwood was taken into the conference, and finally the two darkeys, Sunday and Monday were sent for.

It was quite two hours before they separated, and even then there was more work to be done.

Monday had to go to the house where the name of the consul appeared, and make some arrangements.

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Morning came with all its radiance.

It was at least nine o'clock before Mole could raise his throbbing head from the pillow.

"Now then, Mr. Mole, if you are going to be married, you had best make haste," said young Jack. "The young and blushing bride, only fifty-two years old, and twenty-two stone weight is at the door; shall I send her away?" cried Jack.

"No, don't, please, Jack, I'll get up. That woman will kill me if I don't marry her."

"Just as you please, Mr. Mole. By-the-by, there has been a messenger from the British consul's place to say you must not be later than eleven o'clock."

Mole gave a prolonged groan, and in a short time Harvey could hear his wooden stumps playing upon the floor as the old tutor performed his toilet.

"You don't look much like a bridegroom, certainly," said Harkaway, senior.

"I don't feel like one. Ah! my dear Harkaway, if you respect me, pray find someone to take the bride off my hands, and I will make a present to the party of my two beautiful infants."

"No, Mr. Mole, you must go through it now; the lady of your heart insists upon wedding you."

"Well, then, I must meet my fate like a man," said Mole. "But where are the boys?"

"They have been sent away. So come along, Mr. Mole; let me go for the bride, as it seems we must fetch her according to the country custom."

A vehicle had been provided for the occasion, and placing Mole in it, they drove off to the residence of Mrs. Cameron.

That good lady held a conference with them through the keyhole of her room, as she had not finished her toilet.

In a short time the bride appeared.

Harvey very politely led her down stairs and handed her into the carriage. In ten minutes' time they stopped at the door which bore the plate of the British consul.

"Marriage party?" asked a Greek, who opened the door to them.

"Yes. Are we in time?" said Harvey.

"Certainly, signor."

The Greek led them to an inner room fitted up as a kind of counting-house.

Here was a gentleman, who wore blue spectacles, a thick, bushy beard, mustache and whiskers, and a barrister's gown.

"Mr. Mole, I presume," said this individual, motioning the marriage party to stand on the other side of a long table that stood in the center of the room.

The happy bridegroom bowed.

"You wish to be married?"

"I will," responded the bride, who had been studying the prayer-book.

"Certainly; join hands."

"Pardon me," said Mole, "but isn't this rather irregular, Mr. Consul?"

"Certainly not. It's a civil marriage, and we can dispense with a great portion of the ceremony."

"But I—oh! Mrs. Cameron, that hurts."

The irate bride, who had no notion of delay, had given Mr. Mole a stinging box on the ears.

"Remember your promise, Mr. Mole, and make haste and get the marriage over."

"Come," said the consul, "I can't permit this in my office. If you are going to be married, join hands; if not, leave the house."

Mrs. Cameron thrust out her eleven-and-a-half-sized glove, which Mole took as affectionately as he could.

"You both swear that you are of the full age of twenty-one years?"

"Fifty-one, both of them, if they are a day," said Harvey.

"If you was half a man, Mr. Mole, you'd stop that fellow's tongue," exclaimed the bride.

"Never mind; wait till we are married, I'll teach you your duty."

"Silence!"

Mrs. Cameron held her peace, and the official went on:

"If anyone now present knows any just cause why these two persons should not be joined together in the bonds of matrimony, let him now speak, or else for ever hold his peace."

"I forbids de bamms!"

The words pronounced in clear, ringing tones, caused everyone to look towards the doorway.

Mole staggered, and would have fainted had not the strong arm of Dick Harvey propped him up.

There, in the open doorway, stood his black wife, and behind her a Greek woman with the two babies.

Harkaway, the elder, was in the room, endeavoring to look stern, but failing in the attempt.

"Mr. Mole," said he, "I have always been ready to overlook your weaknesses, but I cannot stand by and see you commit bigamy."

"Bigamy! Ho, there! Demetrius, Brailas, Lascaridas, Xenos! Where are my guards?" shouted the consul.

Immediately there entered four men, dressed in the uniform of the Greek army.

Two of them were Greeks, and the others had the appearance of Moors.

"Bigamy has been committed; take away those abandoned ruffians and shoot them."

"Sir! I beg your pardon," said Mole, "but as I am not married to this—this—ah, lady yet, I imagine bigamy has not been—"

"Silence, scoundrel! Is that colored lady your lawful wife?"

"Certain—"

"Will you be silent? What made you come here to try and impose on me?"

"I thought—"

"You have no business to think. Prisoner, you have been guilty of high treason and contempt of court in the first degree. What have you to say in your defense?"

"Your excellency—"

"Hold your tongue."

"Sir, I don't wish to marry Mrs. Cameron; it is all her fault, she brought me here by force; but sir, is this a court of justice?"

"Certainly not. I hereby convert it into a court-martial. Away with him! Drag away both the disgraceful villains. Shoot them in the back yard."

Mole and Mrs. Cameron were forthwith forced out to the enclosure, at the back, and placed against a high wall.

"Two minutes to prepare for death," said one of the Moors, and leaving a Greek sentry in charge of the prisoners, the others withdrew.

Meanwhile, the consul, tearing off his beard, threw aside his barrister's gown, and dismounting from the stilts he had been standing on, dis-



closed the laughing features and form of Jack Harkaway, junior.

"How's that, dad? Ain't I a good actor?"

"Capital! But here comes Harry."

"Got the physic, Harry?" asked young Jack.

"Yes."

And Harry produced two bottles labelled—

"The mixture, Mrs. Cameron," and "the draught, Mr. Mole."

"It's good stuff. The chemist says if they take a drink, and cork it up, it will explode."

"Nothing dangerous, I hope."

"No, Mr. Harkaway, only rum, and I've had something put in it to make it effervesce."

"All right. Now, Mrs. Mole, come and see your good husband shot."

"Bad husband! Gib him a good fright."

"Certainly."

The whole party then proceeded to the yard, where the culprits were found.

Mrs. Cameron was on her knees, endeavoring to remember some of the prayers she had learnt in her youth; while Mole, propped up against the wall on his stumps, looked the picture of misery.

He cheered up a little, especially when Harry slipped a bottle into his hand.

He uncorked it, and took a good drink.

"Well, Mr. Mole, we have been speaking for you to the consul, but he will not pardon you, therefore you must prepare for death."

"But I would rather live. Just consider, what will my blessed babies do without me?"

"My dear," said he, addressing his wife, as he forced the cork into the bottle, "intercede for me. The consul will listen to you."

"No, Isaac. You bad man, you no care if I die."

"Yes, my dear. I was really very sorry, but this woman made me promise to marry her."

"I'll never do it again," whimpered the nurse, as she also took her medicine.

"It's no use," said Harvey; "we have been talking to the consul, but he won't relent. Heaven have mercy upon you, Mr. Mole!"

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" groaned Mole, as the three other soldiers entered the yard.

"I hear you are to be shot with explosive bullets," whispered Harry Girdwood, "so your sufferings will soon be over. Good-by, old friend!"

With this little bit of comfort he withdrew, while Mole and Mrs. Cameron, almost fainting with fright, propped each other up, back to back.

The soldiers went through the form of loading; they raised their guns and fired.

The four reports were as one, but immediately after there were two other explosions, the bottle in Mr. Mole's pocket and that in Mrs. Cameron's having burst, causing them to believe that they had received the explosive bullets.

"My heart is burst; good-by, Jack," groaned Mole, falling as gracefully as his wooden legs would permit; "remember your old Mole."

"Oh, Lord! all my inside is blown out," groaned Mrs. Cameron, falling; "oh, poor me!"

Thinking the joke had now been carried to sufficient lengths, Harkaway senior stepped forward.

"Mrs. Cameron," said he, "I think you had better give up your matrimonial projects, and retire to your own house. Let this be a caution."

The lady endeavored to rise, but she was unable.

She had severely injured her leg in falling.

The others, after a hearty laugh, also retired—leaving Mole to receive a good lecture from his wife, who, however, soon forgave him.

As for Mrs. Cameron, her leg grew worse, and eventually had to be amputated.

Like Mole, she had to hobble through life on timber.

"Serve her right," said Mrs. Mole, to her dear and faithful husband, Mr. Mole.

The continuation of this story can be found in The 5 Cent Wide Awake Library No. 1241, entitled "JACK HARKAWAY TO THE RESCUE."

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